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JULY — DECEMBER.

Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω, οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἐπικου-
ρεῖον τε καὶ Ἀριστοτελικὴν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἐκάστη τῶν αἵρεσέων τούτων
καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετὰ εὐσεβοῦς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν τὸ
'ΕΚΛΕΚΤΙΚΟΝ φιλοσοφίαν φῆμι.—CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.* L. I.

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- ART. I.—1. *Œuvres de Descartes. Nouvelle Edition, collationnée sur les meilleurs Textes, et précédée d'une Introduction par M. Jules Simon.* Paris : Charpentier. 1851.
2. *Histoire et Critique de la Révolution Cartésienne. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut.* Par M. Francisque Bouillier, Ancien Elève de l'Ecole Normale. Paris : Joubert. 1842.
3. *Fragments de Philosophie Cartésienne.* Par Victor Cousin. Paris : Charpentier. 1845.
4. *Discourse on the Method of rightly conducting the Reason, and seeking Truth in the Sciences.* By Descartes. Translated from the French, with an Introduction. Edinburgh : Sutherland and Knox. 1850.

IN the estimation of many large and sanguine minds, metaphysics, in the old-fashioned sense of the term, has long ceased to possess claim on attention. The assumptions of alchemy and astrology have vanished before the generalizations of those positive sciences of which they were the forerunners. Augury has given place to physiology ; the law of the supposed transmutation of metals is now superseded by the *law of definite proportions* ; and the occult influences of the stars by the *registered perturbations of the planets*. The science of metaphysics, it is assumed, bears to the investigations of modern psychology precisely the same relationship, and must soon abdicate the

tottering throne on which it has been dreaming for ages. Philosophy, these great men contend, has long since renounced all hope of arriving at the nature of things, or at the knowledge of things *per se*; and even Bacon understood by *forma*, by the *latens schematismus*, and the *latens processus*, nothing more than *we mean* by the elements of which anybody is composed, the laws that govern its action, and the facts that are developed in its study; and, therefore, *philosophy* should, by becoming strictly inductive, renounce all opinion, and all hope of forming opinion, on the nature of mind, or the relations of mind and matter, of God and the universe.

It is not within our province to enter, at much length, into these discussions; but we cannot resist the conviction that to entertain them at all is to acknowledge that we *have* a greater power than the conclusions of the anti-metaphysicians seem to allow. We cannot defend the opinion that philosophy is only the science of laws without assuming a contradiction of that maxim, without involving ourselves in deeper problems than we profess to consider consistent with it.

It appears to us that metaphysics can never become a purely inductive science of laws, will never end in a mere register of antecedents and consequents, of Baconian causes and effects, that the mind is never sufficiently isolated from all influences but *one*, for us to calculate upon the actual effects of that one. If we could put pure mind into some crucible, and subject it to the influence of separate causes; if we could stand upon the border land of mind and matter, and survey each separately and trace their mutual action; if we could form a calculus with which safely to analyze our mental operations; if, independently of consciousness, we could experiment on our own thoughts, and unwind the genesis of ideas, and if the combining elements of our calculation were generic instead of individual—mere determinate constants, instead of variable and complicated factors, the thing would be done; but this condition would satisfy the metaphysician as much as the mere mental physiologist; and it is because this eminence has always seemed inaccessible, and because the attempts to sketch the wide panorama from its summit have ever proved hopeless, that the course of philosophical enterprise has been so circular, and has appeared so frequently to return to the very point from which it started some centuries ago. It is granted that the explanations of those who have looked upon philosophy as ‘the science of being’ have frequently been absurd, and when subjected to the sledgehammer of a merciless logic, have been shivered for a while into a thousand pieces; stretched on the inquisitorial rack, ‘the thews of Anakim’ have snapped, the joints of very Samsons

have been dislocated, and systems after systems of ponderous pretension have gone the way of all absurdities; yet, the re-appearance of them, age after age, has proved, either that they did not know they were dead or that they really survived because they contained an amount of truth which their opponents have determinately ignored.

It may be considered late in the day to be raking from their long resting-place the silent ashes of Descartes; it may be said, that we are not now bound to declare ourselves Cartesians or anti-Cartesians, any more than we are to range ourselves under the old banners of Nominalist and Realist, or to contend that we are not Eleatics, Peripatetics, or Platonists; yet it seems to us that the great controversies to which the writings of Descartes gave a new birth, are being forced again on our attention, and that we are beginning to feel once more the recoil which every previous philosophical era has exhibited from the dogmatism of the sceptic.

Jules Simon, the able editor of one of the volumes whose titles are prefixed to this article, tells us that Cartesianism is as living and powerful as ever.* It would seem that refuge is taken from many of the dreams of German constructors of the universe, not in the baseless hypotheses of Descartes, but in the veritable psychological method, in the strong common sense—the clear-headed and generally perspicuous style, and the healthy, devout, and inspiring assurances of his ‘Discourse on Method,’ his ‘Meditations,’ and ‘Principia.’

The influence of Descartes may be seen in this fact—‘that from 1637, the date of the “Discourse on Method,” to the end of that century, no philosophical work, of any importance, made its appearance, which was not for, against, or on Descartes.’† This great man, the founder of modern philosophy, did for metaphysics that which Francis Bacon accomplished for natural science, when he established its first principles and developed the method of its successful treatment. If we would see the true source of modern idealism—if we would trace the Pantheism of modern schools to its philosophical origin—if we would whet our swords for the long conflict which awaits us with this great enemy of God and man—if we would understand the writings of the great French, English, Scotch, and German Schools of philosophy for the last two hundred years—if we would unravel the pedigree of many opinions and much phraseology—we must

* Le Cartésianisme est aujourd’hui aussi vivant et aussi puissant que jamais. Introduction, *note*, p. 2.

† Fragments de Philosophie Cartésienne. Par V. Cousin.

be familiar with the historical position and philosophical claims of René Descartes.

Descartes has scarcely received from Englishmen the respect or attention which his influence upon them should have commanded. Cyclopædias and the histories of philosophy that are current among us have not, indeed, forgotten him; but we have no translation of his works, with the exception of the tractate mentioned at the head of this article. Whether a natural enmity to Frenchmen is the cause of this neglect, or the intense nationality which makes us stickle for the superiority of his great opponents, Bacon and Locke, has deafened the ears of Englishmen to his claims, we hope that some of our enterprising publishers will not allow this disgrace to cling much longer to our nation in general, or to themselves in particular.

Descartes was certainly not the first who innovated upon the established modes of thinking which scholasticism had introduced into the mind of Europe; but, in metaphysical science, he was the first who *so* innovated as to create a great and permanent alteration.

There had existed, from the period of the introduction of Aristotelian logic into the teaching of the Church, the most extraordinary combination of freedom of discussion with servile deference to authority; and hence the wire-drawing and distinctions were introduced, which threatened to split into infinitesimal fractions the truth that had not already evaporated in the voluminous productions of this learned father, or that angelical doctor.

Some new light had shone during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and, strange to say, Italy was its birthplace. The veritable ghost of Aristotle was summoned from his grave; the bag of bones that had often passed for the Stagyrte, was ground to powder and scattered to the winds by Pomponatus and by Vanini, who had studied his writings for themselves, and had declared themselves his true disciples; while the revival of Greek literature, the discovery of Plato's Dialogues, the magnificent results of the Copernican theory of the heavens, the immortal ridicule of Erasmus, Rabelais and Montaigne, compelled scholasticism to hide its wizened head.

Marsilius Ficinus, the philosophical chief of the Neo-Platonist school, chosen by the Medici family to preside at Florence over an academy formed for the study of Plato, together with his Latin translations of Plato, Proclus, and Plotinus, executed in a style that has given them European fame;—the Platonic furor

* Discourse on the Method of Rightly Conducting the Reason, &c. Translated from the French. Sutherland and Knox.

of Patrizzi, which led him to impute atrocious crimes to Aristotle, to impugn the authenticity of his works, to blacken his memory and tarnish his philosophical fame ;—the learning and eloquence of Ramus, who comprehended the absurdity of reasoning from given premises to a given conclusion, who stripped theology of its dry and abstract form, and whose tragic death, amid other massacres of St. Bartholomew, has so often been lamented ; combined with the influences of other great and erratic minds to prepare the way for the daring steps of Descartes. Wherever the chains were fairly snapped, loud was the indignation of cowed priests, fiercely glared the torture-chamber of the Holy Inquisition, and not a few expiated their love of novelty and freedom by their blood.

Among others, Jordano Bruno, who was Eleatic in his tendencies, passed over Platonism in his recoil from Aristotelianism, and became the great type of the poetic scepticism of later times. He was, as Cousin has remarked, the poet of the system of which Spinoza was the geometer ; and, of course, became obnoxious to the vehement hatred and persecution of his contemporaries. Schoffe, in a letter to Ritterhausen, said of him, '*Il n'est pas une erreur des philosophes païens et de nos hérétiques anciens ou modernes qu'il n'ait soutenue.*' The man who could boldly defy the Holy Fathers, when they pronounced their sentence on him with the words, '*Majori forsan tum timore sententiam in me fertis quam ego accipiam*'—was not likely long to have eluded their bigoted vengeance.

Campanella is the name of another cultivated and poetic soul, who, spurning the yoke of mental tyranny forged by scholasticism, and imposed by spiritual despotism on the neck of a sluggish age, incurred the vindictive wrath of the Church. His Platonism was more subtle than that of Bruno, and his mysticism was more refined. His tragic life was, at least, a flash of aurora in the midnight.

Again, there was born near Naples, towards the close of the sixteenth century, Julius Cæsar Vanini.* Like Bruno, he travelled through Europe, drawing enthusiasm in with every breath, and inhaling within the pale of the Church some of the air of liberty, that had swept, as a reviving breeze, from Wittemberg across the world.

This man wrote two celebrated works at the beginning of the seventeenth century, under the following pompous titles : the first—'*The Amphitheatre of Eternal Providence, Divino-Magical, Physico-Christian, Astrologico-Catholic, in opposi-*

* Lucilius was his baptismal name, which he changed in the title-pages of his works into that of Julius Cæsar.

tion to the Ancient Philosophers, Atheists, Epicureans, Peripatetics, and Stoics ;' the second, 'On the Wondrous Secrets of Nature, the Queen and Goddess of Mortals.' The first of these works contains, unquestionably, a formal *à priori* argument for the existence of God ; but it is for the existence of a god that can neither be known nor loved ; and his pompous proof is a bare recognition of the imposing conception of a personal god. Disappointed in the success of his metaphysical method, he fell back upon the authority of the Church, in every great question which affected man's moral position or destiny ; and, if we were to judge him by 'the Amphitheatre' alone, we should pronounce him a believer in a personal god, every attribute of whom was to be communicated by the revelation of the Bible, and by the Church. But in the second work, which appears, from his letters, to have contained his true opinions, he proclaims himself the philosophical atheist, and the ill-concealed hater of Christianity.

Led by his evil genius, after having wandered over Europe, he settled in Toulouse, where the secret tribunal of the Inquisition was in active operation. The novelty of his opinions excited the attention of the holy office to his spiritual crimes, he was delivered over to the secular arm, and on the 9th of February, 1619, was burnt alive as a heretic.* There was in this man an extraordinary combination of mental forces. He was by turns pusillanimous and bold, the hypocrite and the hero : to-day masking his opinions in deference to the opinions of others ; to-morrow, baring the depths of his perturbed and sceptical spirit. As long as there was hope, he cringed before inquisitors, and professed implicit deference both to Theism and to Christianity : as soon as hope had fled, he drew up the visor, and died as he had lived. Thus there were many forces opposed to philosophy. It could not act freely in its search after truth ; and no means were at its disposal, if it would not reason from principles that were stereotyped, and in a method that had almost the authority of inspiration. Natural philosophy and astronomy were gagged. The telescope, pointed to heaven, was fenced by the *cheval-de-frise* of ecclesiastical injunctions, and darkened by a medium which distorted the light of the stars. We owe it mainly to Bacon and Descartes that science has overstepped the narrow bounds which had been so long assigned it, and has occupied its legitimate field of inquiry. We owe it to the spirit of these men, that the tendency which exhibited itself in the tragic course of Bruno, Ramus, Campanella, and

* Victor Cousin, *Fragmens de Philosophie Cartesienne*. La Philosophie avant Descartes. Schrammuis de Vita et Scriptis J. C. Vanini, 1715.

Vanini, was neither strangled in its birth nor consummated in a heartless scepticism.

Bacon and Descartes differed widely in many respects; but there are many observable points of connexion between them. They were both laymen, and yet they dared to be the innovators in science and philosophy. They both propounded methods for its study, and each luxuriated in the *facts* of nature. But they differed, inasmuch as the one made metaphysical truth, and the other physical laws, the subject of his investigation. Bacon made facts his study, that he might arrive at principles; Descartes assumed principles, that he might understand facts. Bacon sought to arrive at the extreme generalizations of science—those ultimate laws which, being supposed, the universe might be constructed; Descartes examined his own consciousness, and there searched for principles which would legitimate and conditionate all knowledge.

The opening recommendations of the 'Novum Organon,' and those of the 'Discourse on Method,' are remarkably akin; but 'The Doubt' of Bacon was in order to clear his eyes for the observation of what *was*—'the Doubt' of Descartes was to prepare his consciousness for the assumption of what *must have been*. Bacon's great failure was his neglect of *deduction*; Cartesian misunderstandings arose from the neglect of *induction*.

On turning from the philosophy of Bacon to his life we recoil with shame and grief. Passing from his essays or his laboratory to his judgment-seat, we discover a man whose principles were lofty, but whose actions were mean; who *said*, 'that it was heaven upon earth to move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth,' but whose duplicity, selfishness, ingratitude, and avarice, cannot, to the honour of human nature, often find a parallel.

The life of Descartes furnishes no such contrast to his philosophy. Heavy charges of literary plagiarism have been brought against him, but they cannot be said to have been substantiated. There is an able *résumé* in the 'Biographie Universelle,' of the voluminous memoirs of him written by Baillet: but the true philosophical sketch of his history will be found in his own celebrated 'Discourse on Method.' A few particulars will here suffice. He was born in Tourraine, on the 31st of March, 1596, of noble Breton parentage. The Jesuit college at La Flèche had the honour of conducting his early education, of watching, if not of fanning, the flame of his early devotion to study. Here, he tells us, he was first addicted to the pursuit of literature, and was not a little exalted by his conscious equality with the illustrious youth who were there competing for the presidency of the age.

At La Flèche he became convinced that 'there was nothing more delicious and nothing more sweet than poesy;' that mathematics had in some sense availed to lighten the burdens of mankind; that theology had presumed to show the way to heaven, and that philosophy, at least, gave the power of confounding and dazzling the simple. Mathematical proofs riveted his mind, but he felt wofully disappointed at the fewness of the practical results of such an imposing, and, to his mind, satisfactory science. He contrasted these spare practicalities with the moral theories of the ancients, which loomed in the distance like splendid palaces on a foundation of sand.

His thorough dissatisfaction with the philosophy of the schools impelled him to renounce all literature, and begin to study consciousness and life, or, as he says, 'the great book of the world.' Armies, courts, cities, were for several years the pages of that book. His vindication of this daring renunciation of all authority—of this attempt to construct a system and devise a method of his own—is one of the happiest efforts of his genius.* 'He did not seek to rebuild the town in which others dwelt, but to reconstruct the abode of his own mind. He might for this purpose use old materials; but the plan must be new, and the ground must be cleared.'

An anonymous mathematician in Breda—where he was wintering in the uniform, and with the occupation, of the young and intrepid soldier—had placarded the wall with an unsolved problem. It would have been amusing to watch the countenance of Professor Beckmann, of Dort, when young Descartes, who had submissively asked him to translate it into French for him, solved it with that instinctive, and almost intuitive, perception of mathematical truth for which he was afterwards so famous.

He continued his wandering and warlike life some eight or nine years; and it was not until 1629 that he sought and found a retreat in Holland. Here he composed his '*Traite du Monde*,' and exhibited what some would term a craven spirit and a pusillanimous alarm at the decision of authority against the motion of the earth; and unquestionably modified his statements, if not his principles—his mode of expression, if not his premises—in deference to the Court of Rome. M. Bouillier, in the admirable prize-essay, the title of which is prefixed to this article, vindicates him on the ground of his excessive desire to propagate the system he had been maturing, and his fear that persecution might have impaired the interests that were dearer to him than life itself. He published his great work, the '*Discourse on Method*,' with his '*Dioptrics*,' '*Meteors*,' and '*Geometry*,' in

* Discourse on Method, Part I.

1637. It was written in French, and afterwards translated into Latin by a friend, and published with the corrections and additions of the author. The 'Meditations' were written first in Latin, and published in 1641; and six years afterwards, they appeared in a French translation by Le Duc de Luynes. The 'Principia' was published in Latin, in 1644. It contains, perhaps, the final statement of all his opinions on metaphysical and physical subjects. Through the whole of this period he remained in perfect secrecy. Père Mersenne, through whom his 'Meditations' were given to the world, and who became the channel of communication between Descartes and his great opponents, alone knew of his retirement.

In 1643, the 'Meditations' penetrated the massive walls of the Vatican, and were greeted with execrations by the Sacred College. It was denounced an ecclesiastical crime to print, read, or hold, a copy of the works of Descartes. There was too much daring in his style—too much of the spirit of a man consummating a revolutionary victory—to suit the pretensions of Rome.

Francis Bacon had separated the provinces of religion and science, by declaring that human wisdom failed completely in the solution of the mysteries of the faith. Pomponatus had shown that they were distinct; but had proclaimed *his* readiness to believe as a Christian what he disbelieved as a philosopher. Descartes was prepared to wrest from the hand of ecclesiastics the charter by which they alone had been permitted to pronounce on the immortality of the soul and the being of God, and established an absolute and universal criterion of all knowledge, which would not supersede, but must take the precedence of, all authority. Catholics, however, had other victims 'to harry out of their dominions;' Jesuits left Cartesianism to contend with Jansenism; and the Parliament of Paris found the Port-Royal more troublesome than our philosopher.

Strange to say, Descartes suffered more persecution from Protestant theologians than from Jesuit priests. Gisbert Voet, Professor at Utrecht, sought by fair and foul means to damn his reputation; and the strong arm of William Prince of Orange was powerless before the storm of prejudice and hatred which this bitter enemy had raised. A discovery of the treasonable and insidious intentions of Voet terminated that persecution; but it was under a fresh insult from the bigoted Professors of Leyden that Descartes accepted the invitation of Christina, Queen of Sweden, to become the inmate of her palace, the instructor of her own mind, and the ornament of her court. He died on February 11th, 1650, after a short illness. Christina wept over him, and sought to bury him among the magnates of Sweden; but the spread of Cartesianism throughout Europe made the

French proud of their countryman, and resolve to consign his remains to their national cemetery in Paris in 1666.

In reviewing his life, we find neither his virtues conspicuous, nor his defects glaring. The hero of a philosophical revolution, he despised the instructions of the past, and had unbounded confidence in his own opinions. He was fond of money, and ambitious of fame. He was tenacious of his own discoveries; yet he was generally thought to be a literary pilferer from other men's treasures.* His mind was subtle, ingenious, and profound. He saw, with intuitive rapidity, the most recondite principles, and disengaged other men's fallacies with marvellous precision and logical tact. His discoveries were numerous, not because he made successful generalizations of facts, but the most happy of guesses, and the most sagacious deductions from them.

He wrote for the people as well as for the philosophers of his age, and thus made public opinion his ultimate appeal. He wrote in a language that is European, and in a style not far from perfection. While Dugald Stewart has hailed him as father of mental philosophy, Voltaire and V. Cousin hail him as the founder of French literature.

The influence of the Cartesian philosophy is boundless; its ramifications innumerable. We will endeavour to characterise certain parts of it, and, as far as our limited space allows, describe their results. It would be unjust to the memory of Descartes to overlook the flood of light he poured over mathematical science by the discovery which he thus describes in his 'Discourse on Method':—

'I had no intention of attempting to master all the particular sciences commonly denominated mathematics; but observing that, however different their *objects*, they all agree in considering only the various relations or proportions subsisting among those objects, I thought it best to consider these proportions in the most general form possible. . . . Perceiving, further, that in order to understand these relations, I should have to consider them one by one, and sometimes only to bear them in mind, or embrace them in the aggregate, I thought that in order the better to consider them individually, I should *view* them as subsisting between straight lines, . . . and *express* them by certain characters the briefest possible. In this way, I believed that I could borrow all that was best both in geometrical analysis and in algebra, and correct all the defects of the one by the help of the other.'—*Discourse on Method, &c.*, translated from the French, pp. 62, 63.

The application of algebra to geometry has done for the

* Hallam, in his 'Literature of Europe,' has given abundant material from which to form an opinion on the charge of plagiarism brought by Leibnitz and others against Descartes: vols. ii. and iii.

mathematical sciences what the application of the expansive power of steam to the creation of a motive force has done for the mechanical arts. As far as astronomers and mathematicians are indebted to this great principle for the magnificent results of their study, during the last two hundred years, they owe them also to the fertile and creative mind of Descartes. But we must not identify his labours in astronomical science with the far-reaching and almost miraculous results of Newton's genius and toil,

‘Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone,’

as Wordsworth has it. And here we differ from M. Bouillier, who, speaking of the hypotheses of Descartes and of Newton, says:—

‘La difference entre les deux hypothèses est peut-être moins grande que d'ordinaire, on se l'imagine. Toutes deux envisagent l'univers sous un même point de vue. Pour Newton comme pour Descartes le problème de la constitution de l'univers est un problème de mécanique. . . C'est, donc, Descartes qui, le premier a eu l'idée que tous les mondes étaient également assujétis aux lois générales de la mécanique. . . Par cette seule idée il a préparé Newton ; il a fait peut-être plus que Newton.’—*Histoire et Critique de la Révolution Cartésienne*, p. 432.

The prize-essayist of the French Academy seems to have forgotten the progress that had been made in the direction of Newton's great discovery by Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, Hooke, and others. Descartes sought an hypothesis which might explain the origin and continuance of the movements of the solar system, and at the same time solve the mystery of light, and proclaim the *prima materia* of the universe. Newton, and others, perceived that the great problem was, in the first instance, the discovery of the central force which, when acting on the dynamical relations of two and three related bodies, would satisfy the conditions imposed by the observations of Kepler. Descartes only suggested what was *analogous* to the supposition of *central forces*, in his ‘Théorie des Tourbillons ;’ but Newton, having considered as settled the fact that central forces would deflect into a curve resembling an ellipse the bodies that were moving laterally to the centre of force, *proved* that the central force, required to account for alleged and observed facts, was *in the direct ratio of the masses* in question, and *in the inverse duplicate ratio of their distances from the centre*. Descartes endeavoured to show *à priori* how the world *must* have been created ; Newton, to interpret the *law* of its *conservation*. And, in manifest contradiction to the statements of Bouillier, Descartes either would not appreciate, or did not comprehend, the merit of Galileo, who was at once a disciple of Bacon, his

own contemporary, and the true philosophical precursor of Newton. We allude to the mathematical genius of Descartes, which was unquestionable, and fruitful of many valuable results, because it forms a key to the *method* which he pursued in his metaphysical investigations. Benedict Spinoza fully developed the hints which Descartes threw out in his replies to the objections of Mersenne, and presented his metaphysics in a geometrical form; but the intense desire to start from first principles, and to carry the force and vitality of their accuracy into the extreme ramifications of his reasonings on metaphysical subjects, permeates the entire philosophy of Descartes; and from his mathematical success, we may explain his eagerness to start from some absolute and irreversible certainty in his solution of the great ontological problem. Sometimes we are assured, in criticisms on Descartes, that the celebrated criterion—‘Whatsoever is clearly and distinctly perceived by us is true in itself,’ is the basis of all his reasonings; and, sometimes, that his famous ‘*cogito ergo sum*’ is the basis of *this* criterion. This confusion may occur from the different degree of prominence given by our author to these points of departure, in the three great works to which we have referred—the ‘Discourse on Method,’ the ‘Meditations,’ and the ‘Principia.’ In the last-mentioned work, he is laying the foundation of all his subsequent ratiocinations, and there we find *consciousness* made the prominent standard of appeal. In the ‘Discourse on Method,’ he is describing the process by which we may arrive at truth, and the ‘*criterion*’ receives the principal attention. It is trifling with Descartes to quibble, with Gassendi and others, that the formula ‘*cogito ergo sum*’ involves the unproved assumption, ‘*quod cogitat est.*’ There is neither premiss nor conclusion in the formula—it does not profess to be a syllogism, and our philosopher again and again denied its argumentative character; insisting on it that we may doubt the existence of our bodies, of the earth we tread upon, and of the heavens above us, that the belief in God may be a superstition, and in nature a delusion; but that it is *impossible to doubt* that we form such a judgment, to doubt, while we doubt, that we doubt.

Jules Simon correctly states the argument of the ‘Discourse on Method’ thus: ‘The reason why Descartes assumed the “*cogito ergo sum*” as his groundwork, was that it appeared to him clearly and distinctly true, and hence everything that partook of this character was to be trusted as true on the same principle and with the same confidence.’ But M. Simon insists upon it that ‘the criterion’ is only a general statement of ‘the formula’—that ‘*cogito ergo sum*’ is only an affirmation, in a psychologically concrete form, of the something of which the

criterion is a logical and general affirmation ; viz. the *validity of our faculties*. But here he seems to us to have confounded two things—the assumption by Descartes of this formula, and the truth of the formula *itself*—the reason why he chose it as his groundwork, with the reason why it is, in itself, *true*. The two things appear to us essentially different: the one is a statement of a great fact that consciousness is the great source of information about self; and the other assures us that we can have as distinct a consciousness of other things as we have of self. Gasendi, Hobbes, and Locke, would have granted that, if we can obtain as certain a consciousness of any other thing as of self-existence, then the Cartesian *criterion* would be the true canon of all philosophy; for it is not possible to deny our own existence in any words which are not unintelligible or absurd.

The able translator of the ‘Discourse on Method,’ who has been, we presume, one of the pupils of Sir W. Hamilton, has endeavoured to present in the form of ‘a Reflective Analysis’ (pp. 28, 29), the way in which we arrive at this conviction of our existence from the phenomena of thought; although, we humbly submit, a similar process might possibly be framed by a second Sir W. Hamilton, for the intellectual generation of various elements of this process, and an infinite series of similar demonstrations given, for all its predecessors—all equally necessary for the full establishment of the cognition of that which it is impossible to deny.

It is well, however, to notice that Descartes felt the inadequacy of his ‘criterion’ for general use, until he had proved that he was not the sport of some malign spirit—some demon of darkness, whose pleasure it might be to confound human nature and make the evidence of our faculties and the validity even of our clearest perceptions questionable; and, though no demon ever could be supposed capable, by any process of deception, of making his own existence doubtful, yet it appeared to him that his ‘criterion’ was not sound, until he had demonstrated the perfections of the Deity. The paralogism involved in his meditations did not escape the acumen of his celebrated opponents, Mersenne and Arnauld. The existence of the Deity was proved by the force of the ‘criterion;’ but the validity of the criterion *rested* on the veracity and goodness of God. In his reply to Arnauld, he thus, however, expresses himself:—

‘Qu’il n’est point tombé dans cette faute qu’on appelle cercle, en disant que nous ne sommes assurés que les *choses* que nous concevons fort clairement, et fort distinctement, sont toutes vraies qu’a cause que Dieu existe, et que nous sommes assurés que Dieu existe, qu’a cause que nous concevons cela fort clairement, en faisant distinction des choses que nous concevons en effet, d’avec celles que nous nous

ressouvenons d'avoir autrefois fort clairement conçues. Car nous nous assurons que Dieu existe, en prêtant une attention actuelle aux raisons qui nous provent son existence.'—*Réponses aux Quatrièmes Objections.*

By this modification of his first statement has Descartes disengaged his criterion of evidence from the demonstration of the being and perfections of God, giving to the evidence of the latter a value of its own. He has made the former rest upon two great propositions, depending for its *character* on the first, and for its *validity* on the second.

Inasmuch as every subsequent investigation of Descartes depends on the truth of the being of a God—infinately wise, holy, powerful, and good—and as the philosophical structure which he reared rests on the philosophical proof of this position, he gave three demonstrations of this great proposition, which he repeated three several times in the 'Discourse on Method' in the 'Meditations' and the 'Principia.'

There are two axioms of great importance, which Descartes assumed in these arguments, and which may themselves be fiercely contested by all his opponents. The first is—that ideas differ as much as the images of them in the mind, and those which represent substances have more objective reality than others: and the second is—nothing less than the great law of causation. 'Il doit pour le moins y avoir autant de réalité dans la cause efficient qu'il y a dans l'effet.' We may observe here, that all the Cartesians made a grievous mistake in *not giving proper prominence to the active powers of man, and in virtually confounding the will with the decisions of the judgment and the desires of the soul.* By doing this, the notion of causation and of force was driven, even in the theory of Descartes, into the background, and it was completely exterminated in those of Malebranche and Spinoza; but it is somewhat remarkable to find the *principle of causation* thus silently asserting its prerogative without a strictly logical summons, and *underlying* the argument of a philosopher who almost formally denounced it in the subsequent developments of his system. The first proof that our philosopher propounds of the being of God involves each of these axioms, and is seen to the greatest advantage in the third meditation. Ideas in the mind must answer to that of which they are the representations. Some ideas are merely the consequence of the relation of my mind to external objects, and I can account for *them*: others are of my own creation—are due to my imagination or fancy, and are easily explicable. But I have within me *the idea of God*—of a substance, infinite, eternal, immutable, independent, omniscient, omnipotent—which I could not have created, because *I* am the reverse of all these things; which ex-

ternal nature could not have supplied, for there is nothing there answering to it. I have not arrived at it by a mere negation of finite qualities, because there is more reality and positiveness *to me* in this infinity than in the finite existences by which I am surrounded. Nor can it be a delusion of my fancy, for it is the most real of all my thoughts. It is not a combination of my imagination, for it is the most *simple* of all my conceptions: it is as true *to me* as the consciousness of my own existence. Therefore, God exists: the *idea* answers to a *reality*; and that *reality* is God.

Hobbes, Gassendi, and all the rest of Descartes's opponents, contest the wording and form of this immortal argument; and, perhaps, if we analyze it into a syllogism, it will fall to pieces. We are disposed to say, however, that 'cogito ergo sum,' and 'cogito ergo Deus,' are *great intuitions* rather than *demonstrations*: that they express deep ineradicable convictions of the reason, from which we cannot escape; and that the great failure of Descartes was, that he did not also propound a 'cogito ergo *natura*,' and, upon these three cognitions, build the whole structure of his ontology. When either of these three statements becomes subordinate to the other two—when the validity of *one* of them is made to rest on the insecure treatment of logical forms, a door is opened either to absolute idealism or to gross materialism. This door *was* opened by Descartes; through it Spinoza and all his modern followers have passed.

The second demonstration occurs in the 'Discourse on Method,' in the third 'Meditation,' and in the 'Principia.'

It is the *à posteriori* argument, in a metaphysical form.

I am; and I have the idea of God; I cannot, then, be the author of myself, or I should have endowed myself with the perfections of which I have the idea. If it be supposed that I have always been what I am now, that will not dispense with my having had a cause, for the *mere duration of substance is only the repetition of the act by which it was first produced*. To recur to my parents, or to any combination of causes save the all-perfect and infinite, will not solve the conditions of the problem. Here, therefore, my own existence and my idea of God is the demonstration of God's existence; and, Descartes concludes—

'When I reflect upon myself, I know not only that I am an imperfect thing, incomplete, and dependent on another—one which tends and aspires ceaselessly to something better and greater than itself, but I know also that He on whom I depend possesses in himself all those great qualities to which I aspire.'—*Third Meditation*.

In this argument we notice the first appearance of the great fallacy which has run through the whole of Cartesianism—viz.,

the *identification of creation and conservation*—the supposition that every moment is an act of repeated creation ; that there is no *force* in *substance*, no *activity* in *man*. Here peeps out that perfect *passivity*, both of matter and mind, which became so fearful a tool in the hands of Spinoza, and has been the fruitful source of the errors which, by *denying the personality of man*, have obliterated from the universe a *personal God*.

There has been great difference of opinion about the third argument ; we will quote from the ' *Principia* ' and the ' *Discours de la Méthode* : '—

' Cum autem mens quæ se ipsam novit . . . primo quidem invenit apud se multarum rerum ideas. . . Considerans deinde inter diversas ideas, quas apud se habet, unam esse entis summe intelligentis summe potentis et summe perfecti quæ omnium longe præcipua est, agnoscit in ipsa existentiam, non possibilem et contingentem tantum quemadmodum in ideis aliarum omnium rerum, quas distincte percipit sed omnino necessariam et æternam. Atque ut ex eo quod exempli causa, percipiat in idea trianguli necessario contineri, tres ejus angulos æquales esse duobus rectis, plane sibi persuadet triangulum tres angulos habere æquales duobus rectis—ita ex eo solo, quod percipiat, existentiam necessariam et æternam in entis summe perfecti idea contineri plane concludere debet ens summe perfectum existere.'—*Principia* I. §§ 13, 14.

' The existence of the Perfect Being is comprised in the idea of Him in the same way that the equality of its three angles to a right angle is comprised in the idea of a triangle.'—*Trans. Discourse on Method*, p. 79.

Now Jules Simon has well put it :—

' The idea of the essence of God implies the existence of God ; there is, then, an identity between conceiving the idea of God, and conceiving clearly that God is.'

Mr. Lewes tells us that this last is the most perfect demonstration of the three, and he puts it into the form of a syllogism, with the criterion for the major premiss. Mr. Hallam seems, with all his clearness, to be quite mystified about it, and unable to comprehend its meaning ; and M. Bouillier pronounces it utterly worthless. We are glad that such a momentous truth does not rest on such an insecure demonstration, even in the theories of Descartes.

If now, having established, as he thought, the Being of a God of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, he had proceeded with his criterion to reason out the truthfulness of our sense perceptions, and if he had recognised the validity of our indestructible common sense, when we transform our impressions into perceptions, and are convinced of the existence of an external world, he would have laid the foundation for a true science, as well as uttered the birth-cry of modern philosophy.

But he rendered this great persuasion of the human reason insecure by the position which he gave it in the temple of truth.

Having established two great fundamental propositions, he advances to the *proof* of an external world. The very circumstance that he thought it worth his while to *prove* this great reality betrays the insecurity of his principles.

'I think, therefore I am,' is indisputable; and if Descartes had deduced hence the *properties* and not the *essence* of thought, we should have a different history of Cartesianism to relate. By making thought the *essence* of the substance—*mind*, as extension was the essence of the substance—*matter*, he gave to Malebranche and Spinoza, those principles on which we have already remarked. Vast, also, was the chasm thus opened between mind and matter, and profound the problem which was thus revived for subsequent metaphysicians to solve. All Cartesians saw the distinction between these substances—mind and matter; but they differed widely as to the mode of bringing out their harmony. Malebranche could have done very well without matter altogether; he believed in it, on the testimony of Scripture only; Spinoza said, extension and thought are not substances, but *attributes of the infinite substance*, and that their harmony springs from the oneness of their origin. Leibnitz saw a 'pre-established harmony' between them; such as might be supposed to prevail between two mechanisms of some great contriver, which were founded on the same principle, and, without connexion, imitated one another's movements. And if we suppose the two mechanisms to be two pieces of clockwork, so constructed that when one is on the point of striking, the Deity interposes, and, by a direct act, causes the other to follow its example, we have 'the theory of occasional causes' suggested either by Regis, Clauberg, or Geulincx, and adopted by Malebranche. However fruitless, these discussions proved of immediate result, the psychological method of Descartes became that of Spinoza on the one hand, and even of Locke and Leibnitz on the other, so that all that has been developed in the more recent philosophies of France, Germany, or Scotland, owes its origin *indirectly* to the genius and daring of this one man.

Descartes, by dedicating his meditations to the doctors of the Sorbonne, and by requesting them to endorse his rebellion against their immemorial rights, struck a sly and fatal blow at their influence; while, by appealing to the people, he laid the foundations of another despotism scarcely less galling, though of a different class. There was the tyranny of a *literary democracy*, when the fate of poet and philosopher, essayist, dramatist, and divine, was settled by the satire of Boileau, and the wit of Voltaire. The people—or rather the mob of jour-

nalists and journal readers—shouted applause to the dicta of their favourite, and he became the fountain of authority and the arbiter of taste. Fashion now reigned instead of truth, and whereas once the knee was bent to learned doctors, these learned doctors now received the only diploma that could be worn from ‘Les Bas Bleues.’

The history of superstition, of tyranny, and of literary despotism, falls into the same circle. The breaking of crosses, the fall of monarchies, the overthrow of Sorbonnes, require for their comprehension one embracing glance.

The effects of the *eikonoclasm* of a Gallican mob, and of the feverish excitement of ‘the Age of Terror,’ will never cease; and, in the same way, the vibrations of the battle-cries raised by the startling paradoxes and new spirit of Descartes, will never be spent.

To trace the history of Cartesianism is to ascend an ancient river whose banks are studded with hoary ruins. Occasional disturbance in the celestial origin of its waters creates a tidal swell through its whole extent. Fertility is educed from the slime that it deposits on the deserts by its side. Mystic temples, written over with cabalistic signs, loom ghostlike from amid its islands and behind its cataracts; nor are its waters unsaluted with a bard-like monument that gazes on the sunrising; the seeds that were buried a thousand years ago in tombs excavated in the rocks through which it found its way, still retain their vitality; and every museum of wonder throughout the world contains the mummied corpses of its defunct heroes, and fragments of the palaces in which they dwelt.

ART. II.—*Tales and Traditions of Hungary.* By Francis and Theresa Pulszky. In 3 vols. London: Colburn.

It is something remarkable to see two foreigners, husband and wife, writing, after a brief sojourn amongst us, in our own language with a freedom and correctness, nay more, with an unconstrained eloquence, which would do great honour to any native author. We are equally at a loss to distinguish the style of these accomplished Hungarians from that of English-born authors, and that of one from the other. Driven from Hungary by the unhappy turn of the revolution there, Mr. and Mrs. Pulszky, distinguished by their talents, as well as their pro-

perty and station in their fatherland, disdain to spend their days in aristocratic indolence, but occupy themselves in making us acquainted with the literature and social and political circumstances of their country, thereby, at the same time, enabling them the better to assist their fellow exiles who are less fortunately circumstanced. This is in itself truly meritorious, and the manner in which they acquit themselves in a strange tongue, entering boldly into competition with the splendid array of our native writers, is quite extraordinary.

The contents of these volumes consist of a number of short stories which occupy the first, and a romance by Mr. Pulszky, which runs through the remaining two. Of the shorter stories there are several, such as 'the Guardians,' 'the Loves of the Angels,' 'the Maid and the Genii,' and 'Ashmodai, the Lame Demon,' which are derived from Jewish traditions, and are pretty well known to the English reader. The 'Maid and the Genii,' is the legend of Harut and Marut, who are said, by the Jews, in punishment of their abandoning fidelity to heaven for the love of an earthly damsel, to be confined in a deep cavern, or, as it is here given, in two wells, under Babylon, and to hang there in chains till the day of Judgment. Ashmodai is the well-known *Diable Boiteux*, or Devil on Two Sticks. The rest of the legends are more national and unknown to us, except the one called 'The Hair of the Orphan Girl,' which is the Hungarian version of that almost universally diffused legend of the Fairy Godmother—the Cinderella of England, the Aschenputtel of Germany, and the Kari Trästak of Norway. In this version of the story, the false Cinderella, the ugly daughter of the wicked stepmother, when attempting to impose on the prince, wears the splendid hair of the true Cinderella, which the base stepmother had shorn from the orphan girl for the purpose. It is rent away by a tempest on the wedding-day, and dispersed over all the land. When the bridal procession of the true Cinderella returned over the heath from the cathedral to the palace, all the hills around were adorned with golden bunches—the hair which the storm had rent from the false bride. It still adorns the heaths of Hungary, and its name, 'the hair of the orphan girl,' reminds the shepherd of the beautiful Ellen.

'At every election in Hungary,' says our authors, 'each of the parties chooses its standard and its party sign, which they wear in their hats: a rose, a green branch, a cock's, or an ostrich's feather. The prettiest of the signs is, no doubt, the *feather-grass*, bearing from afar the semblance of a bird of paradise. It is extremely sensitive; unfolding of itself when exposed to the sun's rays, while its delicate fibres shrink from rain.' This

is the plant to which the legend attaches, and which, therefore, still in Hungary is called 'the hair of the orphan girl.'

'Pan Twardowsky; or, The Demon Outwitted,' is a very amusing sort of Hungarian Faust; and Jock the Horse-dealer, besides the German legend of the Emperor Barbarossa sleeping in the Castle of Kyphäuser, introduces our Thomas of Erceldoun in the Scottish highlands. Klingsohr of Hungary is also pretty well known, through the German popular legend of St. Elizabeth of the Wartburg. It is curious how these northern stories circulate everywhere amongst the people. Most wild of all, however, and perhaps most Hungarian, is the legend of 'The Rocks of Lipnik,' in which the witch Omna tempts the Prince Wladin. There is something so weird and full of the awful spirit of the mountain and the forest in this story, that we will quote the earlier portion of it:—

'Amongst all the rivers of Hungary, but two bend their course northward, not joining the waters of the Danube, which carries all the other streams to the Black Sea. The Poprád and the Dunajetz, in the county of Zips, flow to the great plain of Poland, and, united with the Vistula, hasten to the Baltic. At the banks of the Dunajetz, the Red Abbey marks the limits of Hungary towards Galicia, seldom visited by strangers, except by patients who seek the banks of Smerdzouka, in the neighbourhood of the village of Lipnik, from which the guests get their provisions. The villagers who bring these supplies not seldom entertain the guests with traditions of bygone days.

'In ancient times of Paganism, Kullin, a powerful king, ruled over this country. His sway extended along the whole range of the Karpathians; his herds grazed on all the Alpine meadows; but, higher up, where no vegetation springs forth, the mighty Omna reigned over the barren rocks. She was a far-famed sorceress, not immortal; but in possession of the balm of youth. She preserved the semblance of a youthful woman, though she was many centuries old; yet, whenever she neglected to smooth her brow with the youth-imparting balm, she looked withered and weather-beaten as the moss of the rocks. Like the Thetis of ancient mythology, she had the power to adopt every shape, and could dazzle the human eye; but her heart was of stone, for it had been petrified by the lapse of time.

'Prince Wladin, the son of the king, was the handsomest youth of the realm, and none equalled him in courage, in kindness, and in generosity. He was beloved by all, but by none more than by Adla, the pride of the court, the favourite of the queen, the betrothed of the prince.

'Once upon a time, Wladin, while hunting, caught sight of a magnificent chamois of uncommon size. He followed it for hours, and left his companions far behind. Whenever he thought he had approached it near enough to strike it with his arrow, it slowly climbed further up the steep rock, and thus induced the prince to follow it again. It allured him higher and higher to the brink of eternal snow. Just when

he thought it was within his reach, the chamois seemed to perceive the danger, fixed its backward-bent horns on the cliff which overhung the precipice, swung itself over with a powerful leap, and disappeared. The prince, disappointed at his failure, now sought to retreat. He had so eagerly pursued his prey, that he had not noticed the steep height which he had climbed. He stood on a narrow platform, surrounded by giddy abysses and perpendicular rocks; no outlet was visible, nor could he retrace the way he had come. He knew that in descending it would be impossible to find the clefts by which he had ascended, and he could discern no path on any other side. He sounded his bugle to give notice to his companions, but the sounds died away without echo; he was too far off to be heard. Dusk approached—night came on; he eagerly waited the dawn of the morning, which he thought might light up some unknown path. Morning came; but the rays of the sun only showed him still clearer that there was no way out. He waited till the evening—every attempt failed to climb the rock above him, and he thought a sudden death would be preferable to hopeless starvation; but in the very moment when he approached the brink of the precipice to throw himself down, he heard a noise as the rustling of silk garments. He turned round, and beheld a majestic woman, the Queen of the Rocks.

‘She took his hand, and silently beckoned him to follow. Her steps seemed to create paths, for the descent was long. When they arrived at the Alpine meadow well known to the prince, Omna pointed out his retinue, now visible in the distance, and said, “Wladin, thou dost not further require my aid.” But the prince bent his knee, and pressing the hand which had led him, exclaimed, “Let me thank thee, who saved me from destruction! It is not death I feared; but there is one whom I love, and I know that with my life Adla too would be lost—she would not survive me—Adla! the peerless beauty! the best of all women! This thought alone embittered the danger from which thou hast rescued me. Our gratitude is thine—thine our veneration to the last of our days!”

The sorceress smiled.

“‘The feelings of youth,” she said, “are passionate in gratitude as in love, but they soon vanish. When thou seest the cloud from which thunder and lightning break forth, thou wouldst deem its irresistible power lasting, if thou hadst not seen that a ray of the sun, a gust of the wind, suffices to dispel or absorb the cloud. Thy feelings will not prove more lasting.”

““My gratitude will last as long as my love, and my love ceases but with my life,” replied Wladin.

““We shall see,” she said, and disappeared behind a rock.”’—
Vol. i. p. 185.

The various encounters between Wladin and Omna, the latter under various disguises, and the tragic conclusion of the story, we must leave to the reader; as we must the singular poem of ‘Yanosh the Hero,’ which our authors have translated

at length. It may serve as a test of the distinctive tastes of the Hungarians and the English. Here it would be accounted extravagant, though not destitute of wit. It was written by Alexander Petöpy, whose fate, says Mr. and Mrs. Pulszky 'was no less poetical than his lays. His talent had just dawned over the country, and he had obtained the hand of a young person, who, by her fortune, offered him an independent livelihood when the year 1848 broke out with its commotions. He first took an active part in politics. When the war began, he entered the army; he fought for his country and sang its glory; but since the unfortunate battles in Transylvania, he has disappeared; his fate is unknown.'—(Vol. i. 259.)

Perhaps the most curious chapter in the volume of smaller tales is that on the Hungarian outlaws. 'The robber,' say our authors, 'is a personage who appears in almost every Hungarian tale, and in every diary of the tourists who have wandered over the extensive plains of the Theiss, not that they have met the robber, but that they have heard of him. The innkeeper has always a story of highwaymen in readiness to frighten the stranger who arrives towards evening, in order to detain him all night.' In spite of their numbers, however, we are assured that nothing occurs more rarely than burglaries or attacks on travellers. Yet, on reading through this chapter one would hardly think so. We will take the only considerable extract we can make, and then the reader can judge for himself. After describing an association of men of property and station who committed all sorts of strange practical jokes, in which the Marquis of Waterford would have been very much in his element at one time, it is added:—

'The Hungarian robber is usually nothing else than a homeless outlaw. On some unfortunate occasion, perhaps, when a quarrel has arisen in the tavern over a bottle of wine, he has not precisely enough estimated the force of the blows given by his *fokos* (brass axe), and has killed his comrade, whom he only meant to have thrashed. He must fly to the forest; the village is no longer safe for him.

'Amongst the "Poor Lads"—the name which these homeless fellows adopt, the deserters are predominant in numbers; as, in spite of the warlike spirit characteristic of the Hungarian, he does not like to be a soldier in the Austrian army. He knows that, according to the system of the government, he will be compelled to leave his country, and be sent to Gallicia, Italy, or one of the German provinces, where he does not understand the language. . . .

'The life of such a deserter, when he has become a "poor lad" is most romantic, but very sad. He exists in the woods, often in the ruins of some ancient castle, and not unfrequently visits the herdsmen on lonely farms, and requires them to provide him with bread, wine, and lard. If they give him a part of their stock, he looks after their

herds, and thus makes their task easier. But if they refuse his demand, he occasionally steals some of their flock, not to sell, but to eat them.

‘Sometimes when he knows that no hajdu (county constable) is in the neighbourhood, he ventures on Sunday evening to a remote village, and dances in the tavern with the young women. Of course, he takes care to be well armed, and even during the dance keeps his hand on his pistol. Not far from our castle of Szecseny, on the ruin of Hollokö, there lived such a ‘poor lad;’ he was a deserter, and not seldom visited our herdsmen on the remote farms. The shepherds exposed to such calls, need to be better paid than others, as they often fall into the necessity of sharing their victuals with the robber, who requests in a manner which makes a refusal dangerous. The county-judge, whom we well knew, once had an official commission to a Jewish farmer’s, who resided in the mountains. Our neighbour, the young Hungarian poet, Lisznyai, accompanied the judge on this excursion.

‘Established at the breakfast-table of the farmer, they were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Janos, the outlaw, who had opened the door, and stood on the threshold, with a double-barrelled rifle in his hand, and in his belt a brace of pistols, and the *batta*, the peculiar Hungarian axe.

“‘Sir,” he began, “it is long since you sought my retreat. I have, therefore, thought it my duty now to wait here upon you, as you have come upon my estates. Grant me permission to keep you company for a little while.” With these words he stepped into the room, left the door open, and posted himself with his back against the wall, in such a way as to keep the open door in sight. He then took a cup of coffee with the company, who, after they had recovered from their surprise, questioned him about his mode of life. He said that he often felt very dull, but sometimes found amusement in the perusal of the novels and poems which the Jew bought for him in Pest. He drew from his pocket a small volume of poetry; it chanced to be Lisznyai’s, who was of the party. The young poet was naturally highly gratified at this adventure, and assured the nobles that it gave him more pleasure to see his songs in the hands of the “poor lad” than to read them most favourably reviewed in the columns of a fashionable paper. Janos was delighted also at the encounter, and said—

““Young gentleman, as you so well know how to handle the pen, do me the favour to write for me a petition to the county, that the gentlemen would not have me persecuted any longer. I deserted from my regiment three times. The last time, I left my post where I stood as sentinel; and if I am given up to the court-martial, nothing awaits me but three bullets. I have murdered no one—I have robbed no one: I live as a poor lad, and request nothing but that I may not be hunted like a wild beast. Is it not miserable enough to be forced to live in the forest, quite alone and shelterless? If a free pardon is granted to me, I will handle the robbers in the woods better than any country hajdu; and I will shoot down, whenever I find them, those wretches who, some weeks ago, misused my name when they plundered the Jewish pedlar. These are criminals; I am ashamed that they call themselves poor lads.”

‘The young poet promised the petition for him; the outlaw took a courteous leave, and in a few moments had disappeared. Two months later, he was killed in a fray in the village by a young peasant, to whose pretty bride he had paid too much attention.

‘On the great plains of Lower Hungary the “poor lads” are more dangerous; here, they are horse and cattle-stealers, and often display an astounding boldness. In any case, they are most dangerous to society; for if one of them is a desperate character, he finds little difficulty in forming a band, which easily grows into a gang of highwaymen. They seldom carry on their mischief for any long time, as even the extensive forests of the Bakony, and the backwoods in the counties of Beregh and Marmaros, grant them no secure shelter. They seldom venture to attack travellers of higher rank than pedlars, or Jewish innkeepers. It was a rare exception when, in 1818, they dared to assault the metropolitan of Karlovitz, archbishop Verhovacz, who, on his return home from Vienna, was suddenly stopped in the Slavonian woods by a gang of robbers. But the priest did not lose his presence of mind: he arose from the seat of his carriage, showed the golden cross which adorned his breast, and exclaimed:—

“Wretched men, do you not see that I am your metropolitan? I curse you as sinners, who act in opposition to the commandments of our Lord. You may kill me, but your crime shall drive you through the world, and you shall be accursed like Cain, and shall be fugitives and vagabonds on the earth like him.”

‘When the robbers heard these words, they fell on their knees and entreated—

“Do not curse us, bishop; do not curse us! Bless us, that we may be fortunate upon earth.”

‘The metropolitan replied:—

“I cannot bless you, but go and sin no more, and our Lord in his grace will, perhaps, forgive your sins. Repent, and abstain from your criminal deeds!”

‘The robbers no longer stopped the way of the archbishop, and the whole gang broke up in a short time. The curse of the prelate had frightened them into repentance.

‘Prince Frederick Schwarzenberg, the son of the celebrated field-marshal Schwarzenberg, used often to relate his encounter with the notorious robber, Haburak. The prince once accompanied a lady from Hungary to Vienna. They journeyed on the mountain-roads between the counties of Gömör and Torna. Heavy showers had greatly damaged the roads; evening approached; the tired horses had reached the ridge of the woody height, but could not be urged on further; and the travellers were thus compelled to seek shelter for the night in the inn of Aggtelek, a hiding-place of ill note for robbers. The carriage halted before the house, and the servant inquired whether room could be afforded. The publican replied, that there was one room for the lady, but that the gentleman could not be accommodated, the large guest-room being overfilled. After some visible reluctance, he owned that the gang of Haburak was drinking there. The lady became terrified, and entreated the prince not to remain; but it had grown so

dark, the rain was pouring down, the horses were worn out, and the steep descent of the road was so dangerous, that it was most hazardous to proceed. The prince tried to reassure the lady; so she locked herself up in the room assigned to her. Her companion, wrapped in his white officer's cloak, under which he kept his pistols in readiness, stepped into the apartment where the robbers were assembled, and sat down at the table facing the window, while his servant, likewise armed, kept watch outside the house, close to the window, on the alert in case his master should want any aid.

'The company consisted of about ten or twelve men. Their rifles leaned against the wall; their axes lay upon the board, on which stood the wine-jugs. They drank, sang, and talked over their adventures, and did not take any notice of the newly-arrived guest. The prince mixed in their conversation, took wine with them, and listened to their conversation until it had grown late. Suddenly, he rose, called the publican, threw a gold coin on the table, and said, "This is for the wine these good folks have drunk: they are my guests. But now," he continued, addressing the robbers, "it is time to sleep. In the adjoining room is a sick lady: the entertainment has lasted long enough. I cannot allow any one longer to occupy this room, or disturb the lady's rest by noise."

'At this imperative command, one of the robbers jumped from his seat, and, contemptuously laughing, cried out: "Does the gentleman fancy that because he has a carriage-and-four, and plenty of money in his pocket, he has the right to command us?"

'An uproar followed. The men vociferated: "We are poor lads, and, therefore, *we* are masters *here*!"

"We are no timorous peasants, who take off our hats to every gentleman!"

"We have got money and credit enough to swallow a draught when we are thirsty!"

"We do not accept any gifts from people who fancy themselves better than we are! We will not be ruled!"

'All this was simultaneously uttered, with a loud tumult, from all sides. All the robbers had got up. The prince mechanically caught hold of his pistols, and threw off his cloak.

"I am a master in the craft in which you are but apprentices," he exclaimed with dignity. "You are robbers; I am a soldier; and fear neither the mouth of a rifle, nor the edge of an axe."

'During this uproar, a man of middling height and strongly-marked features had risen from the bench beside the stove, where he had quietly sate during the whole time, without partaking of the wine. He now said, in a commanding tone, "Silence!"

'The robbers grew speechless at this order, and again sate down to the table.

"Mr. Officer," continued the man, "don't think that you frighten us. I, too, have been a soldier, and have most probably smelt more powder than you ever did. I am Haburak. If I desired to do you any harm, a single whistle would suffice. The table would be overthrown, the candles extinguished; and, before you were aware of what

was going on, you would be a dead man, no less than your servant there at the window, who thinks he watches us, while we watch him. But I saw you help a lady out of the carriage, and take her to the adjoining room. We never will disturb a lady's rest; we war with men, not with women. For the present, we shall leave this shelter; yet remember, sir, that it is the first time for a fortnight that these men have been under a roof, and that the couch there below on the damp oak-leaves is by no means comfortable. Farewell!"

'The prince was greatly struck by the whole proceeding. He did not entirely trust the robber's words; and, relieving his servant, they paced up and down, thus keeping watch the whole night. But no robber again appeared.

'On the morrow the lady continued the journey with her companion. The weather had cleared up, and only the puddles in the lanes, and the drops of rain glistening on the branches, reminded them of the clouds of the previous day. After they had ridden about an hour, they suddenly heard the discharge of a rifle close to them in the woods. Haburak stepped forth from the bushes, and bade the coachman halt.

'The horses stopped; the prince drew forth his pistols. But Haburak, without heeding his threatening mien, rode close up to the carriage door, and said:—

"We yesterday sacrificed our comfort that the rest of this lady should not be disturbed. Now, I will see whether it was worth the trouble!"

'With these words he lifted the veil which hung down from the lady's bonnet, and looked for an instant into her face.

"She is really very pretty."

'He turned round, plucked a wild rose from a bush close at hand, and offered it to the lady with these words:—

"Accept this rose kindly as a keepsake from the poor robber, Haburak; and if you sometime hear that he has been hanged, pray an *Ave Maria* for his soul."

'The lady took the rose, and the robber vanished.

'Two years later, newspapers related that the robber, Haburak, had been caught; that he had been tried at the assizes at Torna, convicted of desertion and highway robbery, and hanged.'—Vol. i. pp. 308—327.

We have quoted from the first volume, because the matter in it is more separable, and because also the subjects are more illustrative of the condition of the people of Hungary, their various modes of life, and the legends which enliven their winter firesides. But the historical romance which occupies the two latter volumes is a work of high interest, and of much vigour and freshness in the execution. Mr. Pulszky is well qualified, by his intimate knowledge of the history and political movements of his native country, to place before us a living picture of its circumstances, both in relation to its unfortunate connexion with

Austria, and its internal feelings and aspirations. Having moved amongst its higher classes, and been engaged in its most recent and glorious struggle for the maintenance of its independence, he lays open with a master's hand the very action of the national heart, and all those impulses of patriotism, and resentment of ages of wrongs, which have led to the late great revolt against the House of Hapsburg: a revolt conducted with such splendour of valour and ability, but brought to a melancholy close by the slavish hordes of Russia.

Mr. Pulszky could not introduce this into the pages of a romance; it is too near both to the reader and to the feelings of the writer; but he has taken a parallel case, and by that means shown us very much how the Government of Austria causes such resistances by its miserable policy, and how it proceeds in putting them down. The subject of this romance, is a conspiracy which took place soon after the outbreak of the first French Revolution, and when French ideas of revolution were spreading throughout every oppressed country of Europe. It introduces us to a secret society in which Martinovitch, the Abbot of Sasvár, and several of the nobility, as well as some young students and lawyers, were engaged. We are brought into the family of Dr. Kovatch, where we find his daughter, Lenke, and a Madame Raimond, a French lady, who figure much in the story. We are deeply interested in the fortunes of Alexander Solartchek, a young lawyer of a noble nature, who is engaged in the conspiracy, and at the same time in love with Louisa Raimond, the young French widow. We must not, however, reveal the secrets of the story. They are strongly exciting, very tragic, and very true, as may be learned from the Appendix. The whole work will, without doubt, be read with extreme interest, its intrinsic merits being heightened by the novelty of the scenery, and the freshness of the materials.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel De Foe.* By Walter Wilson, Esq., of the Inner Temple. In Three Volumes. London. 1834.

HUMAN nature, which must worship, worships the Dead rather than the Living. To award extraordinary praise to a man while he is among us is generally avoided, as though it were a tacit admission of inferiority. But when he is dead, he seems to be removed beyond comparison. Men do not then wound their

own pride by being fair to him; they rather gratify it in the very act of praising, which at that period is a sort of assumption of equality, if not of superiority.

To the truly great man, however, human praise or blame is of small value. He knows its worthlessness, and looks to a higher Judge. He runs his course steadily, although no hand is raised for him—although all hands are raised against him; and when it is over, he goes calmly to his *rest*. To him it matters little if the earth resounds with praises or reproaches—for there is another and a better world.

This truth is illustrated in the life of the extraordinary man whose name heads this paper. He pursued an honest and manful course; he was hated, and persecuted, and wronged in every way by his contemporaries; but posterity have done him justice, and there are few hearts now that refuse respect, if not reverence, to his name. But the general public do not know how many claims he has on their esteem. They associate his name with his 'Family Instructor,' 'Religious Courtship,' 'Memoirs of the Plague,' and, above all, 'Robinson Crusoe.' But all these were works of his old age. His chief labours were as a politician and Nonconformist; and he was a sufferer in the cause of religious liberty. The fact is, that De Foe had no biographer worth notice till more than fifty years after his death. Since then several memoirs of him have seen the light; but scarcely any of them deserve to see light any longer. They lack the animation and reality, which their subject demands. The energetic hero of them shows calm and passive under treatment. They are as lifeless as he is. The best is that by Mr. Wilson, whose elaborate and painful work will always be the standard for future biographers; but it is written with a diffusiveness of style not calculated to lure those who begin it, to the end.

This is so opposed to what should be the case, that we think it well to present a brief account of his life and opinions, touching chiefly on his career as a politician and Nonconformist.

To go no further back in his pedigree, his father was a butcher in Cripplegate, where Daniel was born in 1661. His parents were Independent Dissenters; their minister Dr. Annesley, was once rector of Cripplegate, but, having seceded from the Establishment, preached in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.

Under such care, he was brought up in the strictest rules of the Dissenters of those times. The sect was then comparatively small, for it was dangerous to belong to it; and true piety had then, as it would have now, under similar circumstances, but few votaries. As Lord Bacon says of virtue, we may say of religion—it is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.

Of his early years we know little. They were overshadowed, we know, by one cloud—the Great Plague. He was in London all the while it raged; his father judging that his family was as safe there as anywhere else, if it were God's pleasure they should be preserved. The scenes he then saw, and constantly heard of, remained, though he was very young at that time, indelibly impressed upon his mind, but he did not write about them till many years after.

In 1675, at the age of fourteen, he was put to Mr. Morton's academy, or college, in Newington, where, he afterwards says, the pupils had one advantage over those in the established universities; namely, that while, in the latter, the tutors were careful about the dead tongues, and had all their readings in Latin and Greek—in this one, the tutors gave all their lectures and systems, whether of philosophy or divinity, in English; by which, of course, great advantages were gained. For, as he says, it seems absurd to the last degree that preaching the gospel, which was the end of their studies, being in English, the time should be spent in the language which it is to be fetched from, and none in the language it is to be delivered in. And to this error he humorously attributed it that many learned, and otherwise excellent, ministers preached away their hearers; while jingling, noisy boys, with a good stock in their faces and a dysentery of the tongue, though little or nothing in their heads, ran away with the whole town.

The languages, however, were not neglected. He learned Latin and Greek, Italian and French. He also appears to have acquired a good stock of mathematics, geography, logic, and the like; although the bent of all his studies was primarily towards the office of the ministry.

But it was not intended that this should be his career. He was to preach from the press, and not from the pulpit. He was solemnly set apart to the clerical profession; but in the impatience of no common genius, he so mixed himself with political controversies, sharp-witted discussions, and secular matters, that it was found necessary, as time drew on, to withdraw him from this employment.

Two years afterwards, he began authorship; and it appears that his worthy parents got over his disgrace at college on learning that he was likely to become of some note and use as a defender of Nonconformity, and in the troubled atmosphere of politics. It seems to us as if he never lost sight of his original destination, though he left the regular road to it—we mean preaching; but that, in the majority of his writings, he was constantly aiming at the spread and growth of true and unfettered religion.

Among his earliest pamphlets was one which has not descended to us, but being on a subject nearly akin to certain recent transactions on the continent, we may notice it here. The Emperor of Austria had goaded the Hungarians into rebellion. These poor people were Protestants, and the Emperor a Papist, which made matters worse. They appealed for aid to neighbouring Protestant countries, but without success. On this they called in the Turks, who were then a brave nation, and with them they pressed the Emperor so hard, laying siege to Vienna, that Sobieski, King of Poland, fearing lest the Mahommedans should get footing in the very heart of Europe, raised a large body of troops, horse and foot; and, suddenly coming on the Turks, defeated them with great slaughter. The question in England was, whether it was right to help the Papist emperor, who had dealt very unmercifully with his Protestant subjects, and many said, no; but De Foe thought, that their calling in the Turks quite overbalanced the scale against the Hungarians—it not being the interest of the Protestant religion to have even Popery itself thus extirpated. In fact, he said, he had rather the Emperor should tyrannize than the Turks. ‘For the Papist hates me because he thinks me an enemy to Christ and his church; but the Turk hates me because he hates the name of Christ, bids him defiance as a Saviour, and declares universal war against his very name.’

This was the first time he differed from his friends in politics, many being much offended with him, for which he expressed his sorrow; but, having carefully examined his opinions, he would not suppress them when he believed them to be true. This was one of the noblest traits in his character. He was a sincere man. He began life by boldly avowing what, after mature consideration, he believed to be the truth; and he continued to do so in spite of persecution, and loss of friendships, and of money. No sleek, variable man, he—bending and yielding to the opinions of others, either from courtesy or fear. He feared nothing but his Conscience: that was the only critic who could make him afraid. Unlike the great body of his contemporaries—unlike the great body of our contemporaries, too—he thought for himself; he ascertained the truth for himself; and then he would not hide it, but proclaimed it on every side, although dungeons, and pillories, and fines, as well as arguments, were brought against him.

In 1685, Charles II. died, leaving the nation in a truly pitiable state. Morality, honesty, religion, and all other virtues, were not only neglected, but ridiculed in every way. Such things could not be suffered in another reign. Divine right was a straw to prop such a fabric; and though James II. came

to the throne with fair promises, it was no sooner known that any amendments were proposed with a view to the establishment of Popery, than the whole body of Protestants in the nation determined to make a stand against him.

Their first efforts failed. With a number of others, mostly Dissenters (for the revenues of the Church not having been as yet fingered, that body only looked on), De Foe joined Monmouth when he landed in June, 1685. The expedition was badly managed: had it been otherwise, he states that it must have succeeded, for half the Dorsetshire nobility would have joined the Duke but for his ill-timed proclamation of himself as king, and the denunciation of Albemarle and Faversham as traitors. These and other follies worked against them; and on Sedge-Moor the army was scattered by James's forces, and Monmouth was afterwards taken. De Foe did not wait for the issue, but escaped to London, where he managed so well as not even to be suspected of a share in that business; nor would it have been known at all, if he had not himself divulged it years after.

This event, however, made him seriously consider whether he was not losing his time by thus mixing in the battles of politics, which he could neither direct nor allay. He was recommended to a respectable manufacturer, then in want of a London agent; and, after a struggle, he was persuaded to lay politics partly aside, and commence as a broker. His offices were in Freeman's Yard, Cornhill, where Royal Exchange Buildings now stand.

But he did not take kindly to trade. It was solemn drudgery to him; and he hankered after politics and adventure, just as a jockey turned ploughman would hanker after the chase when he saw his field alive with hunters in full course. Accordingly, he took a very early opportunity to join once more in controversy; and when James, to encourage the Papists, proposed the free toleration of Dissenters, he wrote a pamphlet to caution his fellow-Nonconformists against accepting such a gift, not granted by parliament, but by the royal dispensation alone. It was plain, he said, that it was wholly inconsistent with the constitution, and done only to create a feud between the Dissenters and the Church, that the Papists might find a weak and divided camp, and so get the day. Here, again, he offended some of his friends, who told him that he was a young man, and did not understand the Dissenters' interests, but was doing them harm instead of good; to which, when time undeceived them, he only returned the words of that young man to Job, for which God never reproved him—'Great men are not always wise, nor do the aged understand judgment.' In fact, though he had said, he had

rather the Popish Austrians should ruin the Protestant Hungarians than that the Infidel House of Ottoman should ruin both Protestant and Papist in Germany, yet he would rather have the Church of England pull the Dissenters' clothes off by fines and forfeitures than that the Papists should fall both on Church and Dissenters and pull their skins off by fire and faggot.

This was a strange time in our ecclesiastical history. The Nonconformists held the real balance of power, and, had they joined with King James, the Prince of Orange might as well have stayed in Holland. But they would not do this. The Church had cruelly plundered them, yet they chose rather to be under a Protestant than a Papal governor, and so saved the Church of England from her enemies.

De Foe's account of the conduct of that Church in her straits, is very amusing. The clergy, he says, became the very opposite of what they had been, and were the foremost to cry up peace and union, pressing the Dissenters to forget unkindnesses, and come into a general league against the danger that threatened them; and they were 'their brethren, the Dissenters,' and 'their brethren that differed from them in some things,' now that it was evident if the Nonconformists joined Rome *they* would be undone. To these sudden friends, however, the Dissenters paid little or no heed; they preferred their tyranny to Papal tyranny, and therefore did not intend to side with Rome, which, when they found, the Church party took courage, and the crisis of our history arrived.

James had grown proud, in consequence of his success against Monmouth, and pushed his prerogative far beyond its rightful limits. Mass-worship was openly practised in many places, and the offices of trust and high pay were filled with priests. The Protestant feeling of the nation would bear no more, and proposals were made to William of Orange, who landed at Torbay on the 4th November, 1688. De Foe regrets, in one of his tracts, that he could not leave his business so long as to go there to meet him, but he joined the march at Henley.

It seemed as if the whole people of England had, with one consent, risen for their deliverance. Where they could they joined William; where they could not do that they assembled under the gentlemen and nobility, and drew together in great bodies at York, Nottingham, and elsewhere. The enthusiasm was so great that a sudden terror fell on the enemy's camp, and when the people looked for at least a battle, the whole Popish pack had vanished, like spectres at cockerowing.

De Foe tells many tales of this excited time; how poor James parted with his dignity, and courage, and crown alto-

gether. He gives the best account of his escape from Faversham by boat, and his return, and how, being recognised, he was nearly mobbed; how he applied, but without effect, to a clergyman for protection, reminding him of the doctrine of divine right of kings so much preached and professed by his cloth. And he satirically expresses his wonder how the clergyman could so suddenly have forgotten the doctrine, just as the king was dethroned. If he had forgotten it when the throne was firm, and Judge Jeffreys the lion rampant on the arms, it would have been another thing, but,

‘ ’Tis natural in man to save his own,
And rather to be perjured than undone.’

As soon as William heard how James was handled he sent a coach and guard for him, and had him brought to London, where his presence being inconvenient, he allowed him to pass to Rochester, and thence, on the first opportunity, he escaped to France.

Thus, as De Foe says in one of his papers, was the public peace of Britain preserved, and the religious and civil liberty of the country were rescued from the ruinous projects of Popery and tyranny. The crown was effectually secured in the hands of Protestants, it being, once for all, declared inconsistent with our constitution to be governed by a Roman Catholic; and not only this, but the right of the people was proved to dispose of the crown even in bar of hereditary title—that is, to limit the succession of the crown. By which article De Foe—who hated divine right as much as the Stuarts hated freedom—saw a thorough suppression of that absurdity.

But still he was disappointed with the Revolution, because of the scanty allowance made to the Nonconformists. It angered him to see how foolishly that party acted—unlike men of sense, and men who had been so long ill-used. He would have had them make just and reasonable conditions with the Churchmen; not the Low Churchmen only, but the High Flyers also. Both, as he said, wanted the Revolution equally, and would have given any terms. Schools, academies, places—they might have been all had under hand and seal—they could not have been denied at that time. But the simple Dissenters ventured their liberty on a parole of honour, when they might have secured it by express stipulation, and we all know the result. It has been too much our practice. Our chief men, long in opposition, are flattered when their powerful antagonists are humbled, and ask for terms; and they are easily induced to play the magnanimous part, and trust that to generosity, which they should insist on as their right. Let us be awake in these times, when we are again holding the

balance of power; and, while we secure our freedom as Protestants, take heed that we free ourselves from our Protestant chains.

However, when the Church property was once more settled, a bone was thrown to the Dissenters; by the Act of Toleration in 1689. This was much against the desire of the High Church party, whose affection for their 'brethren that differed from them in some things' was now over. But De Foe could hardly attend to these things at that time, having met that fate, as he says, which imprudence is sure to bring, even if unattended with negligence, such as we fear must be charged to him. His brokerage business appears to have answered well, but he was not content with it. He traded on his own account, and, indeed, overtraded; and although many do this and succeed, our great merchants often making their chief money, that is, the first of it, at risk of the insolvent court, yet the system of false capital is utterly rotten, and those who pursue it deserve to fall.

There were other causes, however. He was a hosier; but, although the '*blue-stocking*' has long been the sign of feminine literateurs, we do not find that authorship was happily blended in the case of De Foe with trading in the article itself. In fact, his soul was not in what he did in Cornhill; and some heavy losses in 1692 forced him to a deception which he abhorred, and he absconded from his creditors.

He who has nothing, can pay nothing; and, to keep a man in perpetual prison for debt, De Foe argued, was murdering him by law. To avoid this, he escaped in time; but we record it to his honour, that he eventually paid every one nearly twenty shillings in the pound.

After a short absence from his country, which he dearly loved, and was always loath to quit, the temper of his creditors proved friendly, and he returned. He was solicited by some merchants to settle at Cadiz, as a broker once more, but Providence, he says, who had other work for him to do, placed a secret aversion in his mind to quitting England, and made him refuse the best offers of that kind, to be concerned with some eminent persons at home in proposing ways and means to the Government. Some time after this he was made Accountant to the commissioners of the stamp duty, in which service he continued till the determination of their commission in 1699.

After this he formed a company for making pantiles, which, till then, had been wholly imported from Holland; the works were at Tilbury, on the Thames. De Foe was made secretary; but the scheme had not much success, and at last, owing to the barbarity of his enemies, it was ruined.

Meanwhile he did not cease writing. It will be impossible

for us in this sketch to refer to all his labours, for he was a far greater literary phenomenon for productiveness than even Sir W. Scott or Southey. We shall, however, omit none of the most important.

The high Tory party had soon tired of the Revolution, and William found both plentiful and malignant assailants. Among their most current nicknames for him was foreigner and alien; and, as De Foe narrates, a vile abhorred pamphlet, in very ill verse, came from one Mr. Tutchin, called the 'Foreigners,' in which the author fell personally upon the king himself, and then on the Dutch nation; reproaching his Majesty with crimes that his worst enemy could not think of without horror, and summing all up in the odious name of FOREIGNER. Such conduct filled De Foe, as he says, with rage, and he wrote the 'True-Born Englishman.'

This was his first truly popular work. Hitherto he had plied in the shoals and narrows, but now he put boldly out to sea. His cause was good, and he sincerely loved it; he set himself to defend a great and noble man, and he succeeded. He covered the opposite party with ridicule; he showed how foolish it was to suppose such a person as a true-born Englishman could exist, seeing that every nation under heaven had intermixed with us, and he concluded with some strong and hearty lines, which, being the best, as well as the essence of the whole, we will quote:—

'Then let us boast of ancestors no more,
Or deeds of heroes done in days of yore;
For if our virtues must in lines descend,
The merit with the families would end,
And intermixtures would most fatal grow,
For vice would be hereditary too.

Could but our ancestors retrieve their fate,
And see their offspring thus degenerate;
How we contend for birth and names unknown,
And build on their great actions, not our own;
They'd cancel records, and their tombs deface,
And openly disown the vile degenerate race;
For fame of families is all a cheat—
'Tis personal virtue only makes us great.'

The poem had numerous faults, as had all his poetical works; so many and so apparent, as he says, that even his enemies could not avoid blundering on them. But it contained so much sense, and did so much good to the liberal cause, that the king himself noticed him, made a friend of him, and employed him on several services.' What these were we can never know, but that they

were important he himself informs us. He seems to have honoured, and even loved, the so-called stern William, and never suffered the royal memory to be abused. We do not at all doubt that he told the truth when he said that the king would never have suffered him to be so persecuted and ill-treated as he afterwards was, if he had been spared. He adds, with true sorrow, 'Heaven for our sins removed him in judgment.' He wrote many political pamphlets at this time, but we hasten on to a more stormy period of his life.

On Queen Anne's accession, she having been brought up in the High Church sect, the zealous of that party—as the hot men of all sides do—thinking the game in their own hands, and all other people to be under their feet, began to run into mad extremes. The Nonconformists immediately saw that they had acted foolishly in leaving the whip in their enemies' hands. They were as completely shut out of all places and chance of rising in the State now, as they had been in the worst days of Papal tyranny. Their hard gained Act of Toleration was nullified as much as possible; and De Foe raised a cry of warning.

But the Dissenters were like a rope of sand, and would nowise hold together. Some among them, esteeming their views so far as not to conform to the Church, but not esteeming them so far as to forego worldly distinctions for the sake of them, allowed occasional conformity, as it was called, by which, for the sake of office they attended church, took the sacrament kneeling, and otherwise conformed to the Establishment, though at heart Dissenters.

Now De Foe hated half-men, as all sincere men do. He had—(and we take this opportunity to say, that in speaking of his opinions we use his own language as much as possible, though without the confusing inverted commas)—he had written a pamphlet on this subject in 1697, when Sir Humphrey Edwin, the lord mayor, took the sword and traps of office to church in the morning, and to the chapel at Pinner's Hall, Broad-street, in the afternoon, of the same Sunday. But the question dropped at that time, and there was no particular occasion to revive it till 1701, when Queen Anne having ascended the throne, and Church pretensions having grown higher, it was necessary to stand more sternly than ever to principle.

In this year Sir Thomas Abney was lord mayor, and followed Edwin's example: he both conformed to the Establishment and dissented from it, which De Foe took to be cause for scandal. It does not appear that he found any other fault with Abney. We all know something of him from his munificent and Christian treatment of Dr. Watts, whom he invited into his family after a violent fever, and kept in his house till he re-

covered, and for many years after. But in this occasional conformity he was wrong, and De Foe acted the part of a faithful monitor in reproving him for it. It was an ill example for the chief magistrate of the chiefest city in Christendom to dodge religions in this way; to communicate in private with the Church of England to save a penalty, and then to go back to Dissenters from that Church. De Foe, feeling strongly on the subject, addressed a new edition of his 'Enquiry' to Sir Thomas Abney's minister, at Pinner's Hall, the Rev. John Howe, who had been a Churchman, but was afterwards a persecuted Nonconformist. De Foe's object was to draw from Howe some defence, if he approved, of the practice, or to give him an opportunity to declare against it if he did not, without the offence of a voluntary announcement.

But he got no satisfaction: he ought to have chosen a younger man; for John Howe was gone on too far in his way to heaven to be dragged back to the controversies of this troublesome world. Doubtless the eminent piety of the author of 'The Tears of the Redeemer over Lost Souls' caused De Foe to address his preface to him, and he not unnaturally expected to be answered when Howe published a tract on the subject. However, the great theologian merely said that he would not enter into controversy on the circumstantialia of religion, believing that every man must answer to God, who would not be severe on a wrong judgment.

De Foe returned to the charge. To Howe's somewhat strong expressions concerning him personally, as also to his arguments on what did not touch the question, he was brief, his object being the question itself. And he maintained, as we think, with great clearness and truth, that he who dissents from an established church, except from a true principle of conscience, is guilty of sin in making a wilful schism; that he who conforms to an established church against his conscience is guilty of a great sin; that he who dissents and conforms at one and the same time must be guilty of one of these sins; and that he who has committed either of these sins ought not to be received again on either side, except as a penitent.

And whereas, in his tract, Mr. Howe had spoken of the differences between the Church and Dissenters, as though the points at issue were but trifles, De Foe said, that if they differed only about trifles, the Dissenters would have much to answer for in making so large a chasm in the Church. But he denied that they were such, and stated that he dissented because of the episcopal hierarchy, political ordination, and royal supremacy—because of the imposition of things owned to be indifferent, as terms of communion, and the like; adding, that

no one pretends to dissent in everything, but that the above were not, in his opinion, trifles: if they were, he would conform. To all this, however, Mr. Howe made no further reply, and the Government soon took up the matter, nearly passing a bill to prevent occasional conformity in future.

But this was not De Foe's aim. He saw the scandal of occasional conformity as regarded the Dissenters themselves, but he also felt bitterly the crying shame of excluding the most liberal body of Protestants in the country from all place and power in the Government. For surely the nation cannot be said to be represented in Parliament, while one sect holds the keys of the great gates of the State, and lets none in but through their baptisms, confirmations, and other formalities of religion.

The part which De Foe took in this question, however, was badly received by some of the best men among the Nonconformists of that day, and made them less willing to assist him when he fell into trouble for their sake, which happened soon afterwards. For, finding that their enemies grew fiercer every day, and that the Act of Toleration was being continually narrowed, he fell, he says, into a sort of fury, and produced one of the most extraordinary pamphlets that ever issued from the press.

He made himself thoroughly acquainted with the writings of the High Flyers, or, as we should say, High Churchmen, and collecting all their venom, put it into form. And when Sacheverell preached a sermon called the 'Political Union,' in which he urged all true sons of the Church to raise the banner of defiance against the Dissenters, De Foe sallied out with his 'Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' and made some jump on their seats. He pretended to be a High Flyer himself, and began by rejoicing that the Dissenters had, on Anne's accession, lost the power they had enjoyed nearly fourteen years, to eclipse, buffet, and disturb the poorest of all churches. But now, he said, seeing their day was over, they were all for peace and mutual forbearance, wishing, like Æsop's cock after he was unperched, to preach up union. 'But no, gentlemen,' he exclaimed, 'your day of grace is over: you should have practised moderation and charity, if you expected any yourselves—it is now our turn.' He then went on to speak of the fatal lenity (?) which had been shown them by James I. and Charles I., in their being suffered to colonize New England, instead of being sent to the West Indies (the transportation of those times), or by some other method cleared out of the nation! 'If this had been done,' he said, 'the anointed of God would never have been murdered (Charles); we should have had no sordid impostor set up (Cromwell);' and more to that effect.

After this he turned to the reasons offered why the Dissenters should be tolerated, answering them plainly. To the reason that they were very numerous, and made a great part of the nation, he said that the Protestants in France had been more so, but the French king had effectually cleared the nation of them on St. Bartholomew's day, and did not seem to miss them; and the more numerous they were, the more dangerous, and therefore the more need to suppress them:—adding, that if they were to be allowed only because their number was an obstacle to their suppression, then it ought to be tried whether they could be suppressed or not. To the reason that it would be inconvenient to have internal strife in war time, he adduced the success of suppressing the old coinage during the late war, and said that the nation could never enjoy peace till the spirit of Whiggism and schism was melted down like the old money.

He then undertook, in his character of Churchman, to show the queen what she ought to do as a member of that Church, whose doctrines he took care to show were charity and love. This was, in short, to renew fire and faggot; and he excused it by showing how toads and snakes, being viperous, are destroyed out of charity to our neighbours, and whereas these are noxious to the body and poison life only, the others poison the soul. It is in vain, he pursued, to trifle in this matter. If the gallows, instead of fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle to preach or hear, there would not be many sufferers: the spirit of martyrdom is over; they that go to church to be chosen sheriff's or mayors would go to forty churches rather than be hanged. He then turned with his satire on the system of fines. 'We hang men,' he said, 'for trifles, and banish them for things not worth naming, but an offence against God and the Church shall be bought off for five shillings! this is such a shame to a Christian government, that it is with regret I transmit it to posterity.' He then reproved such Dissenters as said with Mr. Howe that the differences between the sects were on trifles—making use of it as an argument why they should be compelled to give up such whimsies. So he closed his case, with a few sentences calling on all good Churchmen to uproot the schismatics and shut the door of mercy.

The effects of this pamphlet were extraordinary. Every one was deceived. The Low Church party were terrified at this bold proposition of red-hot persecution, fearing to be forced into it, or compelled to join the Dissenters. The Dissenters fell into a kind of stupor at so positive a threat of war to their barren liberties. And the High Church people were delighted to have their secret wishes so thoroughly set forth; Sacheverell himself not having dared hitherto to name the stake and gallows.

It is to us, we confess, a perfect mystery how any one could have been deceived. Party spirit is the most dull and earthy of all spirits. The banter is so evident on the very face of the thing, that none but religious disputants could have doubted it. De Foe often boasted of having a letter by him from a Churchman in the country to his bookseller, which was as follows: 'Sir, I received yours, and with it that pamphlet which makes so much noise in the world, called "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," for which I thank you. I join with that author in all he says, and have such a value for the book that, next to the Holy Bible and sacred Comments, I take it for the most valuable piece I have. I pray God put it into her Majesty's heart to put what is there proposed in execution.' Truly if his belief came from no more deep study of his Bible and Comments than he could have given this tract, it was of small value.

No sooner, however, was the authorship of the satire traced to De Foe than a storm burst on his head. The High Flyers were ashamed at having been so thoroughly deceived, and vexed at having their designs so discovered and given to the world by an Independent; and they blushed when they reflected how they had applauded the book, and as they were now obliged to condemn it, so they were hampered betwixt doing so and pursuing their rage at the Dissenters. The greater part of them, in order to condemn the author, condemned the principles, for it was impossible to do one without the other, and they laboured in print and in the pulpit to clear their church of the slander. But this still answered the writer's end; for, the more they censured the practices he recommended, the more they condemned such wretches as their pet Sacheverell. But he had wounded the tenderest part of these men's human nature; and few men can pardon a wound in their self-esteem. They might have overlooked, or answered, an insult, but he had made them laughing-stocks to themselves, and their very discovery of this made them laughing-stocks to the world. So they resolved to punish him. A reward of fifty pounds was offered for his apprehension; and his pamphlet was burnt by the hangman. He wrote a defence, but it availed nothing. His printers were arrested, and he, to save them, gave himself up to the law, which treated him with the utmost cruelty. He was tried at the Old Bailey in June 1703, having lain in prison six months. He was advised to plead guilty, with many half-promises that if he abstained from defending himself he would find mercy. In this his own lawyers concurred, and he accordingly did so. But it was a snare. He was found guilty; there was no recommendation to mercy; and his sentence was—a fine of 200 marks; to

stand thrice in the pillory ; to be imprisoned during pleasure ; and to find sureties for good behaviour for seven years.

This infamous sentence was sufficiently severe in itself. But its consequences were severer still ; from being in respectable circumstances, he was reduced to ruin. His Pantile Company was completely broken up ; and he had no other means of supporting his wife and children, while in prison, than by his pen. Besides which, he lost the countenance of many of his friends, who could not believe an innocent man would be so severely punished.

The brave man was not to be subdued by means like these. He was put up in the pillory at Temple-bar, in Cheapside, and at the Royal Exchange, where every second man knew him ; but, by a poem which he circulated among the people, he turned the disgrace of the punishment upon those who inflicted it. ‘ Hail ! hieroglyphic state machine,’ he exclaimed, addressing the pillory,

‘ Contrived to punish Fancy in.’

‘ Tell all people that De Foe stands upon it :—

“ Because he was too bold,
And told those truths which he should not have told,
That thus he is an example made
To make men of their honesty afraid !
Tell them the men that placed him here
Are scandals to the times,
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can’t commit his crimes !”

For this publication, however, the Government did not care to prosecute him, having already gone too far that way.

And now he turned with stern determination to provide bread for his family. We cannot give an abstract of all he wrote in his imprisonment ; we shall only refer to some of the chief topics. In his ‘ Reformation of Manners,’ he says of the slave traders, respecting their infamous traffic, which had never before been censured :

‘ The harmless natives basely they trepan,
And barter baubles for the souls of man :
The wretches they to Christian climes bring o’er,
To serve worse heathens than they did before.’

Thus stepping far in advance of his age in this as in so many other things. He wrote several pamphlets in defence of the Dissenters from various enemies, as well as against the High Church party. He entered into the question of ‘ The liberty of Episcopal Dissenters in Scotland,’ in which he ad-

verted (as afterwards at greater length in his 'Memoirs of the Church of Scotland') to the miseries and brutalities to which they had been subjected by the High Flyers in past and present times. We wish that poor Aytoun had read some of his statements before he put out his absurd prose prefaces to the 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.' De Foe now turned his pen to the defence of suffering Nonconformity in Ireland, where the Episcopalians, under pretence of preventing the growth of Popery, had got Dissenters shut out of all place and power in government.

His most extraordinary work, which he commenced and carried on in prison, was the 'Review,' a periodical which he at first issued once, then twice, and ultimately thrice a week, writing the whole of it himself, and continuing it for nine years. This, independently of his other elaborate works, written at the same time, is a feat unparalleled in the history of letters; and considering the variety, pathos, wit, and satire contained in it, would have served, if he had left no other works, as an imperishable monument of his genius.

In 1704 his enemies' administration ended, and Harley entered office. De Foe's almost boundless talents and invention, although employed under all the disadvantages of personal captivity, had naturally drawn much attention to him. Many attempts had been made to win him, but in vain—he was not in the market; they could not buy the indomitable Dissenter. But Harley was almost one of his own school, and though he could not buy his services, he got him set free from prison, and afterwards made a useful public servant of him. He left Newgate in August of that year.

He retired with his family to the country, where he continued his literary labours. But malignity followed him there. He was said to have stolen from custody; this he answered by offering himself to the officer who said he had a warrant against him. His works were reprinted in a garbled form. His Reviews were stolen from the coffee-houses to prevent their being read. His debts were bought up that he might be prosecuted. He was summoned before magistrates on frivolous pretences. He was harassed in every conceivable way. At one time, he says, he had fifteen letters threatening to kill him, some naming the very day and manner of the murder.

Still he held on his way; steadfastly walking by that inner light of truth which was his constant guide. Not too peacefully, however, for he took every occasion to show his scorn of his opponents. He was several times waylaid, but came to no harm; and he told his enemies that he put such trust in God and his own rectitude, that he should adopt no other caution

against them than to stay at home at night, because he was persuaded they would not do their murderous work by day ; or by day, he would wear armour on his *back*, because he was sure they would not attack him face to face.

So time passed. Space fails us to speak of his controversies and tracts much further. We had purposed to enter on his belief in apparitions, and his ludicrous imposition on the credulity of the public, in order to sell Drelincourt's terrible book of divinity on the ' Fear of Death.' We must pass these by, however, to speak very briefly of one or two more of his greatest works.

In 1706, he went to Scotland in a diplomatic character. The object of his mission was the union of that country with England. There he was, at first, very unpopular, but he conducted himself so well that at last he became somewhat of a favourite. His services were repaid with a pension on his return to England in 1708. He wrote several very popular works at this time, but the best is the ' History of the Union,' a huge quarto, now seldom to be met with, but which we should much like to see reprinted. It contains some of the most vigorous passages that ever came from his pen. When in the commencement of this year Harley left office, De Foe prepared to fall with his semi-patron ; but Harley would not have it so, and passages to the honour of all parties occurred, by which his pension was continued by Harley's successors.

We can but allude to his writings against the Pretender — against theatrical performances, which he condemned, as men of experience in them usually do ; and upon the subject of literary copyright. Far seeing, and gifted with the courage necessary to propound the almost innumerable schemes that crossed his mind—schemes which were then ridiculed, but are now adopted, he was, of course, subject to the most virulent attacks. His old enemies were ever persecuting him, and in business, and in letters alike, he met with care and misfortune sufficient to have crushed a less resolute man.

When George I. came to the throne, and the Whigs, on whose behalf De Foe had written and suffered so much, regained power, the ungrateful treatment he received from them seems to have saddened and subdued the spirit of the great man. Old age was stealing rapidly upon him, and disappointment, and poverty, and persecution, were doing their swift work. It seemed as though the stern conqueror of the strongholds of tyranny and priestcraft was about to fall into the back ground, and his sun was to go down in darkness. Yet he made one great effort to defend his career, and in his ' Appeal to Honour and Justice,' he has left a piece of pathetic self-

defence, which few we think who know his life can read unmoved. 'By the hint of mortality,' he says, 'and by the infirmities of a life of sorrow and fatigue, I have reason to think I am not a very great way off from, if not very near to, the great ocean of eternity; and the time may not be long ere I embark on the last voyage. Wherefore I think I should even accounts with this world before I go. I am unconcerned at the rage and clamour of party-men; but I cannot be unconcerned to hear good men and good Christians prepossessed and mistaken about me. However, I cannot doubt but it will please God at some time or other to open such men's eyes. A constant steady adhering to personal virtue, and to public peace, which, I thank God, I can appeal to him, has always been my practice, will at last restore me to the opinion of sober and impartial men, and that is all I desire.' But this self-defence was not completed ere a stroke of apoplexy laid him low.

And now comes the most wonderful part of our tale. He languished for six months (Mr. Chalmers says six weeks), between life and death, at the end of which time his constitution suddenly threw off his disease, and he returned once more to the world. But he was no longer a dispirited and broken man. Like a phoenix new rising from the ashes, he came from the bed of sickness as with new youth, with fresh energies and renovated powers.

He devoted them almost entirely to fresh pursuits. Thirty years of political struggling was enough even for him. His first work was 'The Family Instructor,' written in dialogue. Its object was the revival of family religion, which had visibly decayed; and the piety, as well as the nature and good sense pervading it, have kept it popular till the present day.

His chief labours were, however, in fiction; and the series of imaginative works which he now poured forth, will, as Mr. Wilson says, entail honour on his name, as long as true genius, consecrated by moral worth, shall be esteemed. His stores of reading, and his intimate knowledge of mankind, were now turned to account. His fancy and judgment had been ripened, and, at the same time, chastened, by his many sufferings. The first and greatest of these works was 'Robinson Crusoe.'

The number of genuine good works that have been refused by 'the trade,' is extraordinary. 'The Fathers,' as Southey calls them, are a timid race. Novelty is the worst characteristic of a book with them; good, common-place matter, is the safer card. It has ever been so. Not to speak of 'Paradise Lost,' and works of olden times—in our days 'Pelham' was refused, and 'Vestiges of Creation' was refused; and 'Mary Barton' went

round the trade. 'Vanity Fair' was rejected by a magazine. We need not wonder, therefore, that no one would undertake 'Robinson Crusoe.' It was at last bought for a mere trifle by an obscure bookseller; while, if De Foe could have published it at his own risk, it would have made his fortune.

Who does not wish that he still had to read this extraordinary work for the first time? It is one of the eras in a boy's life when he gets this book. Full of life and incident, it enchains the attention from first to last, while the wisdom contained in it, and the depth of religious colouring with which it is pervaded, endear it to the heart, as long as truth and beauty have a place there. The style is plain and matter of fact, but no one notices the style while reading it. All is so natural, and unaffected, and real, that its truth seems beyond question, and on putting it down, the universal wish is, with Dr. Johnson, that it was longer.

His subsequent fictions, if not equal to Robinson Crusoe, are extraordinary in their degree, from the same causes. We can only name them: 'The Dumb Philosopher,' 'Captain Singleton,' 'Duncan Campbell,' 'Colonel Jacque,' 'Memoirs of a Cavalier.' The last named is, perhaps, superior in genius to all the rest. Then came the 'Memoirs of the Plague,' which is full of pathos and exciting interest and truthfulness. Its reality is in fact intense; we become spectators of the scenes in the grass-grown streets; we hear the bellmen cry, 'Bring out your dead,' and see the dead-carts wending to the pits and emptying their fearful burdens. The subject is, indeed, revolting; yet the treatment of it is so impressive, as well as interesting, that the reader is compelled to finish the book when he has once begun it.

Besides all these, our wonderfully fecund author—who we think must have exceeded Voltaire, or even Lope de Vega, in quantity as much as he did in quality, wrote three long works (two of them novels) on subjects which we shall not further name, not being in accordance with the better morality of our time. Our knowledge of them is from secondhand, but we believe they did not at all derogate from his own character.

Then followed 'Religious Courtship,' 'A Tour through Great Britain,' 'New Voyage round the World,' 'Essay on Apparitions,' 'System of Magic,' 'Political History of the Devil,' 'Compleat Tradesman,' 'Captain Carleton,' with numerous tracts, chiefly on social subjects. Amongst these was one 'Augusta Triumphans,' which contained a project for a London University and for a Foundling Hospital, both of which we have seen carried out in our days. These, as

well as his poetical works 'Caledonia' and 'Jure Divino,' deserve elaborate criticism, but we must be content with naming them.

He was now (1730) an old man of seventy, afflicted with both gout and stone. He seems to have borne these sufferings with equanimity, looking forward in religious confidence, as he had done from his youth, to that time when he should drop his pains for ever in the grave. His circumstances appear to have become once more somewhat easy, and he might fairly have expected to close his eyes in peace. But the world he had done so much to improve, harassed him to the last.

Some creditor came on him this year, as it seems from sheer malice. He was imprisoned for a short time, and then released. To save what money he had for his children, from an enemy whom he describes as perjured, he made it over to one of his sons, in trust for two unmarried daughters and his aged wife. But his son proved worthless. 'I depended upon him; I trusted him,' he writes to his son-in-law; 'I gave up my two dear unprovided children into his hands. But he has no compassion, and suffers them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door, and to crave, as if it were an alms, what he is bound, under hand and seal, beside the most sacred promises, to supply them with; himself, at the same time, living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me.' Yes, the brave heart that had showed an undaunted front to all 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' could not bear up under this dreadful treachery. Committing the desolate ones to this son-in-law's protection when he should be gone away, 'I would say,' he added of himself, 'and I hope with comfort, that 'tis yet well. I am near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease to trouble; be it that the passage is rough and the day stormy, by what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases, *Te Deum laudamus*. It adds to my grief,' he concluded, 'that I must never see the pledge of your mutual love, my little grandson. Give him my blessing, and may he be to you both your joy in youth and your comfort in age, and never add a sigh to your sorrow. But alas! that is not to be expected. Kiss my dear Sophy once more for me; and if I must see her no more, tell her this is from a father that loved her above all his comforts to his last breath.' His last breath was not far off; in a few weeks the hand of death came mercifully upon him, and his toils, and sufferings, and sorrows, were for ever over.

In summing up his character we must notice the two great features of it; his intense *sincerity*, and his no less intense

determination that, as far as possible, it should be sincerity about *the truth*. Always looking to another tribunal than that of man, he passed unwavering on his wonderful career. Living in a troubled time, he took his side, and having taken it, stood fast. He dared to be moral in an age of vice, and to be personally pious in an age of formalism. We have abundance of sentimentalists about us in the matters of religion, and so had he. But he dared to speak openly about Him in whom he trusted; in his tracts, and histories, and novels—in the greater part of these two hundred works which have come down to us, we find him, whenever there is a suitable occasion, speaking of the great truths of revelation. And though many of his faults, and they are all on the surface, are such as we cannot now palliate, they were mostly those of a heated and controversial age, and never those of an evil heart; in Mr. Wilson's words, 'Religion was uppermost in his mind; and he reaped its consolations'—may we not hopefully add, 'its exceeding great reward also.'

ART. IV.—*The Architecture of the Heavens*. By J. P. Nichol, LL.D.,
 Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Glasgow.
 With Poetic Illustrations, by the late David Scott. 1850.

THE spectacle of the heavens, even when unaccompanied by any scientific insight into the organism of that divine display, is sufficient for the highest moral and spiritual purposes in the soul of man. This important proposition is luminously exemplified in and by the inspired penmen of the Hebrews; who have certainly given an expression to the religious teaching of nature, so original that every other attempt has been only an echo or imitation of it, and so searching and conclusive that it can never be excelled. The new results of science were not necessary to the right reading of the world-old ethics and theology of creation; and, in point of fact, the spirit, which has accompanied the scientific victories of recent ages, has frequently gravitated towards exceedingly low views of nature and of man; views against which the Bible-poets would have lifted up their voices, with even more amazement than indignation. At the best, the modern writer on such a topic as astronomy, when well-nigh lifted out of himself by the greatness of his theme, and unable to put forth any more words of his own for the conveyance of his emotion or his thought, is

fain to cry out, 'O altitudo,' and to round his loftiest periods with Scripture texts,—

'those jewels five-words-long,
That sparkle on the forefinger of time!'

Yet science is fraught with its peculiar burden of feelings, longings, ethical complacencies, spiritual delights, thoughts too deep for words or tears; and that by no means only in and for the explorers and prophets of this new and illustrious, though secondary and inferior dispensation of God's providence, but also for the whole world. Each separate science, indeed, carries its proper emotional atmosphere; the emotional history of the sciences, treated in all its variety of details, would constitute a new and interesting chapter of modern literature; and astronomy should certainly receive the largest share of exposition in such a narrative. What doubts, what questionings, what inward contentions have arisen in thousands of bosoms under the bare enunciation and conception of the Copernican astronomy! How many have made shipwreck of their faith and hope upon the plurality of worlds! What contempt of old convictions, and also what haste in the adoption of new opinions, have been brought about by the mere perception of the simple and glorious fact that the earth is but a speck of dust in the awful system of creation, and we its seeming parasites!

Apart, however, from all sinister or perilous effects of the contemplation of astronomical phenomena, as represented in the true system of the heavens, it is evident that the modern conception of the stellar universe cannot be without its influence on the whole mind of modern times. Nor can there be any doubt that the spirit-quelling views of the sublimities of astronomy which Chalmers, Herschel, Mary Somerville, Dr. Dick, and especially Professor Nichol, have successively held up before the public eye, have done the reading classes a world of good. Such studies lift the spirit away from what is accidental, local, and deciduous in earthly life; and that might be a questionable benefit, perhaps, if they did not unfailingly bring the thoughtful mind home again to the essential, universal, and everlasting elements of human existence. The vast spaces, the enormous magnitudes, the surpassing effulgencies, the mild splendours, the unimaginable velocities, the amazing diversities and complexity, together with the still more worshipful unity and simplicity of astronomy, unite to communicate an expansive impulse to the soul, the joy of which is near akin to pain, the solemnity of which is almost adoration, the euthanasia of which is little short of the nature of religion. When the imagination, the heart, and the conscience really accompany the understanding in its

scientific journey through the heavens, this visible universe becomes a dreadful and a holy place; and the whole man is fain, for very self-conservation, to melt into a spiritual swoon of wonder and love. But our affections are dull, our imagination is heavy, and this is a rare result. A chemist once stood with an astronomer upon his watch-tower; the eye of a telescope was bent upon a double star, a system of two suns of different-coloured radiances, and we know not how many planets apiece, revolving round one another; the light by which the friends beheld those sun-stars had taken at least thirty years to come to the earth; it had been coming, and that at the rate of 195,000 miles in a second, while they had been growing from childhood to manhood; and now their conversation was all about the celestial organism, of which it was a single pulse. 'If I truly and presently believed all we have been saying,' said the chemist, 'I should surely die where I stand, and pass away to God by exolution.' 'Ah!' exclaimed the master of the observatory, 'we know these things, but we can hardly be said to believe them; I have believed them only in some moments of my life, and these but few and far between.'

It is, therefore, important that the books intended for the instruction and edification of the public by means of science be well fitted to accomplish their design. The general reader does not want either the multiplicity or the coldness of exclusively technical detail. He wants prominent facts, grand views, and the enthusiasm of the subject; and the last of these—namely, the proper feeling of the science under exposition, is by no means the least important. It cannot be given, however, without the chosen facts and generalizations of the department, for it is the flower and aroma of these. But no non-technical work on science can possibly be popular without it. It is the possession of it in a quite peculiar manner and degree, that renders the works of Dr. Nichol so successful and so great. Full of knowledge, and of the latest knowledge, they avoid the excess of technicality with consummate skill. While they are clear, sufficient, and eloquent expositions of the things to be taught, there is another charm about them, which is not so easily defined as recognised. They are suffused with a nameless sense of vastitude, speed, splendour, power, life, growth, beauty, worship, and even mystery. The very faults of the author's style, namely a certain grandiosity and distension, accompanied by an ever-recurring width of sweep, which is more suitable to the orator than the penman, are favourable to his purpose. An orator by nature, a poet by sympathy, and a man of science by culture, Professor Nichol satisfies the understanding of his reader with abundance of the clearest information, carries his imagination into the thick

of the shining hosts, and then lets him down with some arrowy word of beauty sticking in his heart. These commendations, such as they are, apply equally well to the work the title of which is put at the head of this article, and to that which was reviewed in our May number. It is, therefore, not surprising that many a literary man, to say nothing of the more general student still, has drawn all his astronomical knowledge, and also the germs of all his astronomical emotion, from these splendid books; for they present the scientific competency of Herschel, in combination with much of the oratorical magnificence and glowing humanity of Chalmers.

Since this is the scientific age of human history, since, therefore, no man can properly belong to this age unless he be more or less initiated into the method and substance of science, and since it surely behoves every really living soul to drink into the spirit of his age, it is a matter of first-rate importance that the young should be led into the new temple by the hand of wisdom. Understanding all the sinister tendencies of an excess of the merely scientific life, the good teacher will counteract them, by means of poetic enthusiasm, and also, still more effectually, by means of spiritual self-possession. Otherwise the tree of science may prove a poison-tree, as it has frequently done; and thence the recoil of some spiritual-minded men, such as Arnold, as well as of certain poets, such as Wordsworth, from the instruction of the unfledged in the principles of analytical knowledge. It is easy, however, to misunderstand this greatly important subject. In order to the bringing of a complete man out of a young creature born in this age, the example and the precept of that which is indeed spiritual in religion cannot but be the principal means, for his spiritual nature is what is deepest, and, therefore, most distinctive, in man. Next to religion should come the manifold influence of art, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and especially poetry; for art speaks to the imaginative instinct, which is as peculiarly human as the god-ward affections of the soul, although it is posterior to worship, and there must be holiness before the perception of its beauty. Tuition in science could not easily injure the living foundations of such an embryo, while it is absolutely necessary to the communication of firmness and accuracy of outline, of extension and solidity, of flesh and blood. The study of philosophy proper, that highest knowledge which ignores the facts and general conceptions of science, and deals only with ideas, were the complement and completion of so liberal and Christian an education. But so fair an ideal is never to be realized in its perfection; and, therefore, all that can be meant, when one speaks of a complete man, is a man in whom the several germs of humanity proper have all

been somewhat elicited by culture. Religion, art, science, and philosophy must work together with the unshrinking practice and sufferance of life, in order to give the world assurance of a man ; and the very mention of practical life reminds us how lamentably few children can possibly reap the benefit of this idea of education—an idea which is almost as old as it is inapplicable, until the coming of a better political and social day than this. But the higher class of teachers, whether clerical or secular, might and should ; and especially those authors who write on grave subjects for the people and the young. It is because Professor Nichol approximates to this humane and congenial type in a very rare degree, that we have offered these hints in connexion with his name : more especially because we remember that he published a Christmas book on 'The Stellar Universe,' some three years ago, intended for the use of children.

The initiation of the British boy into the marvels and huge conceptions of astronomy, and into the hero-worship of Isaac Newton, can scarcely fail to constitute an epoch in his life, although it may not come by observation. We remember our own introduction well. It was through the medium of Chalmers' astronomical discourses, prematurely read, though somewhat prepared for them by a venerable father's lessons. We had even lent our aid to the paternal hand in the construction of a rude diagram of the solar system on the sea-shore, and seen it washed out by the flowing tide. But the hold that the great preacher's revolving career of explication took on our youthful mind can never be forgotten. Like a rushing wind, it sucked us up the welkin, in a state of intellectual intoxication with the joy of new images, new fears, new hopes, and new thoughts without end. One summer evening soon afterwards, we had been playing long and lustily at hide-and-seek, and when our companions had gone home to their beds, we lay down supine in an empty cart near the house. The city of God came out unawares. There, overhead, were the abysses full of stars, many-sized and many-coloured, stretching from before the eye ; with beginning, but with no seen or conceivable end ; with ponderous speed that made the head dizzy to think of it ; with splendour, which distance alone rendered endurable ; and all swathed in that fathomless, billowless, speechless night ! Morbidly feeling ourselves drawn towards the centre of the earth by gravitation, we could not move, till a sudden panic of awe drove us home in terror. The punctual house-mother had been spending the evening at a neighbour's, but had just returned in time. We ran to her knees and, kneeling unbid to say our prayers at her feet, could not find a word to say, but burst into a passion of tears, hiding

our head with sobs in the warm lap ; and that hour of feeling had its share in the shaping of more lives than one.

Uplifting and altogether satisfactory as is the consideration of the solar system and its general relation to the heavens, it is not until the mind is raised to the study of the firmamental astronomy, as it is now called, that the universe of stars, planets, moons, comets, and meteors, arises on the prostrate soul with all its power. Our wondrous system is but a speck after all. The sun, carrying all his satellites along with him as easily as the earth carries her solitary moon, moves around or towards what cosmical centre its silent Creator only knows ; but, as it appears to us upon this world, it is in the direction of Hercules, a well-known quarter of the milky-way. And that classical milky-way is now known and understood to be one vast organism of solar systems, possessed of an outward shape, as well as of an inward structure. Within it, suns are arranged into many particular combinations ; and its exterior form is as unique as it is unexpected. Innumerable solar systems, thrown into organic groups, are bound together in one vast community by the force of gravitation ; and our solar system is only a particle, our earth only an atom, of this multitudinous firmament. The distances of solar system from solar system, within the awful limits of the milky-way, are stupendous. The nearest are so remote that only a very few have been computed. Bessel's star in that group of our firmament which is called the Swan, is 670,000 times more distant from the terrestrial sun than the earth ; and yet the earth is some 79,560,000 miles from that sun. A bright star in the Lyre, another group or constellation of solar systems, is thrice as remote as Bessel's ; light takes thirty years to run from its surface to our eyes, taking only eight minutes to come from the sun ; yet both the Lyre and the Swan are comparatively near at hand. What is to be thought of those stars which blaze upon the farthest confines of the old milky-way ? But our firmament is not the universe. It probably bears as small a proportion in size, complexity, and glory to that immeasurable and indefinable thing, as the solar system to itself, or the terrestrial moon to the solar system. It appears that there are other firmaments, as remote from ours in proportion to their sublime dimensions, as the stars of our firmament from one another. There is no visible end to the number of them, indeed, nor to their variety, nor to their unfolding. Each nebula seems to be a true firmament of stars. As the nature of the case renders it impossible for human observation to reach the limits of the architecture of the heavens, it also appears to be inconceivable by man that the heavens should have any limits at all. The true outside of the starry fabric is not to be thought

of even by the imagination. It is too terrible. It transcends conception. The mind is literally lost in the attempt. Once launched among the stars the voyage knows no end. New world is beyond new world in an interminable succession. The eye of man has never reached the place where nothing is ; and it cannot attempt to reach it, even as the eye of the mind. It can only close itself in faith.

The scientific imagination may conceive of the solar system as a celestial compound particle, of which the atoms are sun, planets, and moons ; of a constellation as a celestial crystal, with solar systems for its molecular constituents ; and of a firmament as a celestial rock, whose crystals are constellations. But the whole universe of such firmaments, heaving, rolling, sending up starry spray, and rushing up and down the steep slopes of space, is suggestive of a greater image still. It is an ocean of the manifested might, splendour, and self-possession of Him who dared to send it resounding from the foot of his throne. It is wonderful to the poet that the astronomer does not absolutely and for ever lose himself, when plunged among its fiery-crested waves. It is strange that he retains his personality after having spurned the solar bounds and dashed beyond the milky-way, rushing on from firmament to firmament, from nebula to nebula, along the shifting levels of the shining tide.

O perilous swimmer, come, come back again !
 One firmament behind, one billow past,
 The starry surge will never yield a last.
 Onward they sound for ever, their refrain
 Not to be caught or written down. In vain
 Shall man, aye, or archangel, struggle o'er
 Their gleaming crests to find a farther shore.
 Coast there is none, nor sky, nor pleasant rain,
 No usual limit, no accustomed thing,
 Nothing but glory, glory poured until
 Infinity is full. Come back, adventurous will,
 Back to our homely rock ; and with thee bring
 This word of truth from space, for me to sing—
 'Tis all too little yet the soul to fill !

It would be out of place to attempt a more formal exposition of the astonishing revelations of the Firmamental Astronomy. Suffice it, that the principal mover in this glorious new development was our adopted countryman, William Herschel ; while his ideas and labours are being fulfilled and extended by as noble a band of explorers as ever adventured into the depths of nature ; as the reader will find, in the perusal of the great popular work, which has started these thoughts and aspirations. As for the book itself, we should now leave it with the public, having accorded it our

unfeigned commendation, but for a novel and peculiar feature, to which we have not yet adverted. This popular treatise, though strictly a scientific production, is actually furnished with a series of poetic designs. A great artist has expressed the emotions of firmamental science, at least as they moved within his own bosom, in his proper and personal dialect of the universal language of pictorial art; and his drawings constitute the illustrations of this astronomical exposition. The plastic arts have almost always been employed in illustrating each other. Architecture and poetry have been heightened and set forth by sculpture and painting; and so have the poetic incidents of history and romance. Architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry have all been rendered auxiliary to that which is poetical or beautiful in religion. But the illustration of science by artistical forms is an absolute novelty. Darwin and his followers, indeed, did all they could to wed poetry and science; but they failed. Yet science is not incapable of so high and pure a union any more than religion—any more, we mean, in kind, not in degree; for religion is supreme and central, sitting with the poetries for her handmaidens, and the sciences for her lords, while the useful arts are the busy citizens of her ideal commonwealth. There is what is beautiful in science, and there is what is properly and peculiarly beautiful in the several sciences. If the internal and solid substance of science is orderly and grand, rather than beautiful, yet its surfaces, whereon the light of religion or of art may be suffered to play, are iridescent with as many hues as there are in the heavens themselves. Then the borderland between science and nescience is ever a region of twilight and wonder, mystery and apprehension, sublimity and homeless thoughts, baffled intellect, the terrible beauty of awe, hoping against hope, the choice between faith and defiance, and also sometimes the very euthanasia of love. Lastly, the emotional history of science, like that of all human conflict and victory, is eminently capable of being made the body and vehicle of artistic soul. In short, the points of contact—let us rather say the places of interdiffusion—between science and art, are many; and it only wants the eye of genius to descry them. It will sound strangely in some ears, but it has long appeared to us that Tennyson is a poet penetrated to the core, even if he know it not, by the scientific culture of his age. Emerson is also the poet of science in no small degree. Browning is scientific in method, though not in matter. Bailey uses the results of science, as freely as other bards have been wont to use the first appearances of nature, in the upbuilding of his symbolic rhyme. The same tendency is vigorously nascent, we think, in the many-gifted author of the 'Roman'; and it will

assuredly reach a memorable development in that rising poet, in proportion as he shall feed upon the manna that is now falling from heaven, instead of vainly striving to sustain a contemporary life on that which fell in any other age; a thing the latter, which this particular artist is too brawny and alive to do.

Never was a man better fitted by nature, and also by the peculiar cultivation which his idiosyncrasy instinctively pursued, as well as by the circumstances of his life, to set forth the underlying ideas and the pervasive sentiments of science in artistic symbols, than the late David Scott of Edinburgh. A painter-poet by birth, born among a people prone to an extremely intellectual way of considering even the phenomena of the religious life, addicted all his days to a sceptical or scientific view of things, mingling intellection with all his feelings, speculating even when painting, thought ever accompanying his sense of beauty and holiness, yet deeply pious and unfathomably enthusiastic in art, the pictures of this remarkable man were more original and great in thought, as well as more individual and profound in feeling, than they were successful in those outward properties which have usually been recognised as conducing to the perfection of a plastic work. An excess of thoughtfulness, or rather an excess of the tendency to think analytically or scientifically, seems to have, in some degree, defeated this aspirant's aim at original catholicity in art; as it certainly in some degree diminishes the artistical integrity of Robert Browning, the poet. The predominant scientific spirit of the last three hundred years, in fact, has asserted its claims somewhat too potently over these naturally great artists. They have been too great and representative men to escape the epochal influences of their age, and not quite great enough to subjugate them entirely to the older spirit, and the still nobler purposes of true art—a problem which no man, indeed, has yet solved with memorable distinction, with the single exception of Goethe—a problem, however, which is openly proposed by the times to every candidate for the poetic representation of the nineteenth century.

The very excesses and defects, it is to be observed, which rendered the artistic completeness of David Scott impossible, save and except on the condition of a longer grant of life (for, alas, he died yet young) were highly favourable to the poetic illustration of science, especially such a science as astronomy. Too much thought is congenial to the subject, and to the spiritual mood induced by vivid contact with it; the emotions of the theme are deep and still, few and simple, vast and impersonal, as well as religious and almost intellectual; while the very nature of illustrative designs both lessens the artist's temptations to self-expression, and facilitates a more ideal treatment. The

illustrations of firmamental astronomy, which Dr. Nichol and his publishers have been so original and courageous as to adorn this remarkable book withal, are accordingly worthy of the exalted subject. At the same time, the critic may readily detect some of those daring peculiarities in these drawings, which have usually been urged against the designs, and even the great paintings, of Scott. In order, however, to a just valuation of their surpassing merits, it is necessary to consider them in the spirit of an inquirer as well as of a judge. Above all, it is absolutely to be demanded that the student of the designs be also a student of the printed work. He must read Dr. Nichol with docility and sympathy, and suffer himself to be filled with the same thoughts as lifted up Scott to the level of illustrative composition, before pronouncing upon the united labours of the Professor and his departed friend. He must penetrate to the idea of the astronomer and the artist, and then he will be in a condition to criticise the manner in which it is set forth—a necessity which is equally applicable to the eloquent climaxes of the writer, and to the highly ideal designs of the painter.

These unique productions seem to show what untried, but not inaccessible, regions there exist for the developments of high art, in connexion with other great subjects, than either the Greek mythology or Roman-catholic Christianity. As works of design, they are surely beautiful and sublime; and if the drawing of the figures is uncommon, it must not be forgotten that each and all of those images are purely symbolical personages; but what distinguishes these illustrations is the astonishing wealth of thought which they contain. The clue to the right understanding and feeling of them may not always be easy to find, uneducated as modern public taste undoubtedly is to the perception of symbolical meanings; but if the ingenuous student be so happy as to lay hold of it, he will certainly not lose his reward, if it is beneficial to have one's scientific reflections and philosophical conclusions baptized in the mellow, moral, and almost religious light of beauty.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of a Literary Veteran. Including Sketches and Anecdotes of the most distinguished Literary Characters from 1794 to 1849.* By R. P. Gillies, Esq. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1851.

IF literature were rewarded according to the merit and painstaking of those who sustain its spirit and vigour, we should have fewer revelations of the description now before us. Nothing nobler or purer than the labours of the mind untrammelled exists; but nothing is so wearing, so fatiguing, so unrewarding, as the pursuit of literature as a means of gain, or as the hope of livelihood. It is, unhappily, too well known that we are far behind other countries in this respect. We do not, as a nation, sufficiently welcome an author; we do not encourage him, or feel towards him one-half the enthusiasm that we do for a public singer or figurante at the opera. The loftiest flights of intellect sink to nothing when compared with the astounding feats of a ballet-dancer. In France, the writer even of moderate abilities is sought, fêted, received with smiles, however poor he may be. Here, in England, bare civility is accorded him; and those who would derive deep pleasure from the perusal of his work, who are indebted to him for many happy hours, yet shun all contact with his rusty coat or shabby hat. We take and accept the results of a man's labours, but ungratefully reject the man himself. Mr. Gillies, albeit in early life, not aware that he should ever require to write for gain, has learnt the bitter truth in a long life of misfortunes and anxieties, which he is candid enough to reveal to his reader. His story is one of warning to many; but in all Mr. Gillies's reveries, it seems as though they were attributable entirely to the force of circumstances, and not to any fault of his own. His early youth was passed in quiet and pleasant study, on his father's estate, under the care of a judicious and laborious tutor, who instilled into the mind of his pupil a love of study and research, which has never forsaken him. His childhood, and the relation of those extraordinary anecdotes by which young geniuses are discovered to be such at six or seven months old, are entirely dispensed with; and our author wisely plunges at once into an era of his life likely to be of more general interest. Dr. Glennie, Mr. Gillies's tutor, was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, who, not possessing affluence, was open to any engagement that might present itself. Coming on a visit to our author's father, the latter one day jocularly asked him if a certain room called 'school-room'

could by any means be converted into a dwelling-house. The answer he received was an unhesitating affirmative ; and, accordingly, the next day, carpenters were set to work, the floor was boarded, a bed placed in a recess, wardrobes and shelves were put up, so that when the contented pastor next saw the apartment, he was as pleased with it as if it had been a royal mansion. Here, then, the boy received his early education. Poetry, history, and classical pursuits, alternately engaged his attention. The only drawback to the perfect felicity of the tutor and his pupil was, the fact that the chimney smoked incessantly. Various remedies were vainly tried ; but Dr. Glennie, in spite of a cloud that would have driven many in despair from the apartment, quietly proceeded with his studies, and took little heed of the occurrence. After several years spent in this agreeable life, it became necessary that young Gillies should proceed to Edinburgh, for the purpose of matriculating at the university, and attending certain lectures which were considered essential to the completion of his education. Quitting the happy school-room, he accordingly departed, and entered for six months upon a somewhat novel career.

Schools, and all establishments resembling them, have, it is well known, undergone remarkable alterations of late years. They had come to be regarded as petty states, in which cruelty and ill-usage and neglect were constantly practised with impunity, and the master and pupils were in a state of perpetual warfare. The bad name they, deservedly in most cases, arrogated to themselves, has and will long continue to abide by them until a more extensive reformation takes place ; the most extortionate terms were demanded ; and for this, little food, and less learning, was all they received. In this respect, however, the last quarter of a century has shown a remarkable superiority over former days. Much remains still to be done ; but few establishments on a par with 'Do-the-boys Hall' exist even in the far-famed Yorkshire districts. Mr. Gillies, however, did not go to school, which makes his treatment the more unpardonable. He went to board with a master who received 'a limited number of pupils,' and proffered to treat them as if they were in their own home ! He was, moreover, a graduate in the University of St. Andrews, and was assisted by a French teacher, who was the major-domo, as it were, of the establishment, and whose especial province it seemed to be to look after the cooking department of the home, instead of assisting the pupils, to any great extent, with their French studies. His chief attempts in this way were made in private lessons in the town.

The abode was situated in one of the obscurest and most ill-famed streets of Edinburgh, and consisted of a '*flat*,' in one of the edifices called '*lands*.' Each floor formed a separate domi-

cile; and a gloomy, winding, common stair led up to every one. It happened that Mr. Gillies's future residence was situated seven or eight stories high; though, as he says, 'there were beings so horribly perverted and abandoned, that they lodged even higher than he.' Every home, or lodging, at Edinburgh used at that time to exhibit the name of its owner blazoned athwart the door on a brass plate; but the graduate proceeded so far as to set a miserable lamp of rushlight, fed with train-oil, over the door in the long winter nights. The whole suite consisted of a dining-room, commanding a magnificent prospect over the Old Town, a drawing-room, overlooking the street, and three other rooms, divided amongst the master, pupils, and servant girls.

The menage, utterly different from what Mr. Gillies had hitherto been accustomed to, was so ill-arranged that it inspired him with infinite disgust at once, although he came quite prepared to make the best of it. The chamber was illumined by two lank mutton candles, by the aid of which, at a table covered with an unsteady rag of green-baize, sat the master with the two younger pupils, all three solemnly engaged in writing out portions of Levizac's French exercises. The senior pupil sat in dignified repose by the fireside, affecting to read 'De Lolme on the British Constitution.' The greatest appearance of discomfort pervaded the place; there was no sign of order or regularity. It was plainly visible that the master had assembled his pupils together with the idea of making as much out of them as possible, and of yielding in return just as little as it was practicable for him with any show of reason to do.

At half-past nine, the major-domo entered, after having disposed of all his out-door work for that day, and announced supper. He then briskly lifted the candles and writing apparatus, twitched off the green-baize, and bawled for Marie to bring the supper, '*tout de suite!*'

'*A nappe de table, considerablement tachée*, having been spread by the beautiful Marie, we were served with a so-styled omelette at one end, and a dish of *pommes de terre frits* at the other. Three or four hard eggs, cut into halves, set into some dingy milk and water, like floating islands, this formed the omelette; and the other delicacy consisting of thin slices of cold boiled potatoes, which had been placed to warm on a gridiron, and were now nicely blackened and smoked. For second course, as this was our *fête* night, we were indulged with six square little morsels of cheese, and a plate of raw apples, so green and sour that to eat one would, I thought, have been a certain means of incurring illness for a week. And, to crown all, when the nightly feast drew to its close, a bottle was mysteriously placed on the table, containing a little remnant of that most exhilarating and delightful beverage, whisky distilled from potatoes. Of this precious fluid each

pupil was allowed three teaspoonfuls, in a wine-glass, which, with hot water and *cassonade*, made a charming beaker of toddy.—P. 199.

Such days as these, however, were not of long duration. Six months glided past, and other scenes soon obliterated these disagreeable associations and reminiscences. Thrown in his youth into a variety of society, and among individuals of the most eccentric character, his reminiscences are of a highly amusing nature. Without being, as the title implies, strictly literary, they are sufficiently agreeable and allied, through himself, to literature and literary men, to warrant their being placed in these records. Besides, it is not to be expected that because a person is himself literary, he should incessantly be mixing in the society of literary men; his experience of life, the fortuitous combinations of many circumstances, would throw him among the most different characters, who are not a whit the less entertaining because not literary, or even illiterate.

Society, at the time when Mr. Gillies was a young man, was very different to what it is now. And this remark we make without insinuating that our author is as old as Methuselah. Our progress, as a people, has been wonderful and rapid, and we have outlived the days of such coarse revelry as is described in the early pages of our author's *Memoirs*. It is astonishing how people could even live in times when the lucifer match was unknown, and fires had to be kindled by means of gunpowder or flint and steel! The days, the fashions, and the times have altered, and, be it hoped, much for the better.

With the lofty, mysterious, horsehair head-dress—the patching, the powdering, rouging, and otherwise deforming the figure of our women, many other social enormities have disappeared; much of the low taste for night bouts, extraordinary feats of drunkenness, and day revels and ridiculous dissipations, have passed, and men, if they do waste time in idle revelry or dissipation, do so less openly and with less defiance of public opinion. The days of powdered curls, and square coats, and broad frills, have passed, and a more refined, though but slightly elegant, costume, has taken its place. The progress a nation has made in civilization may be shrewdly guessed at by its prevailing fashions and costumes. When men powdered their hair, and devoted whole shelves of their wardrobes to their cravats—when gold, and fine muslin, and brocade adorned their persons, fewer great things were done; when the plain and sober dress was assumed, it showed that men had become more practical and devoted to politics, business, and statesman-like habits. Those who, amidst the rapid civilization of their neighbours, still pre-

serve the quaint relics of a former age in dress and habits, come to be looked upon as natural curiosities. In 1794, therefore, our author looked upon the laird of Bonnymune as a rare specimen of ancient formality and eccentricity, ruling like a petty sovereign over his passive tenantry, beneath the black, bleak hills of Castelthun. His chief boast was, that he had never slept a night from under his own roof. His ancestors had always slept there, and that to him constituted an unanswerable argument why he should do so likewise. Being unfortunately, however, extremely fond of assembling round him those who could tope like himself, he on one occasion fell a victim to his own weakness. One day after dinner, at a friend's house, his discriminating taste being rather obtuse, he very willingly—

‘Drank cherry bounce, mistaking it for port, and declaring that it was a pleasant, pure, and generous wine, very old in bottle. As a matter of course, when the midnight hour approached, the laird wished to ride home, and the horses were ordered. But Peter had never in his life seen his venerable master so far gone; besides, they had a long way to ride, and the night was both dark and gusty.

‘After some consultation with the kind host and his family, it was agreed that Bonnymune could not, and must not attempt to ride home. But as any proposition for his going to bed, or staying in the house after twelve o'clock, would be resisted and resented with obduracy, stratagem was used.

‘They led him out of doors with a light, which the wind instantly extinguished. Then in the pitchy darkness, they assisted him to mount, not upon horseback, but upon a *fail* dyke or turf wall, a common kind of fence in the far north. Here Peter had cleverly attached the bridle to the stump of an elder bush, he put the reins and the whip into the hands of his master, and then retired, with the words, “Now your honour, the road straight afore ye.”

‘Away went the laird, as he supposed, whipping and spurring to his heart's content, till he arrived at the land of dreams and utter oblivion. When wearied of his exertions he tumbled off. Now Peter ventured to advance—“Eh, sirs, dang me, to think of the lyke of that!” Then raising his voice, “We're at hame now, sir! we're at hame I'm telling ye! Your honour's just fa'en off at our ain stable door.”

‘But stratagem was no longer needed. The laird persisted most comfortably in his profound sleep, and was carried to bed without a murmur. Next morning, however, no sooner did he wake to consciousness, than he vowed vengeance for the trick that had been played on him; declaring, moreover, that had he been allowed his own way, he could have ridden home as well as ever he did in his life. He departed at daybreak in huge wrath, and would not, by any persuasions, be induced to visit at the house again.’—Vol. i. p. 15.

It happened once that a friend came unexpectedly to dinner,

and, as it proved extremely bad weather, the laird invited him to stay all night. The storm, instead of abating, the next morning was increased; and the Scotch visitor having heard there was a good library collected by the laird's ancestors, ventured to ask if he might hunt over the 'auld buiks' to amuse himself with.

'Buiks, man!' was the reply he received, 'ten cart loads of them gin ye like; and what's mair, ye're welcome to take them hame to your ain hame, if ye think siccan rubbish worth the expense of cartage.'

Thus encouraged, as may be supposed, the visitor proceeded at once to the rarely-opened library, accompanied by the laird, who amused himself with a broad grin in peering over the young student's shoulder, accompanying his proceedings with a sort of verbal commentary, composed of a series of contemptuous grunts, whenever an exclamation of delight burst from the visitor. At last, heedless of the shower of grunts, and shrugs, and satirical observations, of the owner, after a long examination the connoisseur suddenly came upon a heap of plays and novels, or 'devil's buiks' as the laird called them, and amongst them discovered a folio, which he asked permission to borrow.

'Borrow!' said the laird, 'the chap's daft, I think: did na' I tell ye to cart awa' the hale lot o' them? Pit the folio in your saddle-bags, man; make a kirk and a mill o't, or leiht your pipe with the paper.'

This despised volume happened to be the veritable first edition of Shakspeare: a rarity now almost unattainable at any price, and which, afterwards, accompanied by the second and third editions, all richly and uniformly bound in Russia leather, was sold to the late Mr. James Roche, of Castle Granard, for five hundred pounds.

We have not, however, completed our anecdote yet; the most important part remains to be told. Still persevering in his examinations, the student came to a compartment of the library which created his no little surprise. The books, it is true, were genuine, but they were, to say the least, very strange in appearance, and by no efforts could he extract one volume from its resting-place. Hereupon the laird began a vociferous chuckle, and, infinitely amused at the wonderment of his guest, explained, that after having stood the lapse of centuries, the shelves became at length worm-eaten, and incapable of supporting any longer their ponderous burden. One day, when the wind was howling about the old house, making the walls themselves tremble, with a heavy crash the book-laden shelves fell to the ground, where they remained for a considerable period. The room being at length required for some purpose or another,

and the pile of volumes obstructing the place, a carpenter was called in and ordered to mend the shelves. This he accordingly did in a very neat and artistic manner. But, unfortunately, when he had completed his appointed task, it was discovered that the volumes would not one of them fit in. The erudite laird and the wise carpenter consulted together, and deemed that they had discovered a clever method of solving the difficulty without being at the pain of disarranging the work already done. So they raised the volumes in rows upon the floor, and measured them and measured the shelves, and by dint of sawing off an inch here and an inch there, at length brought them within the proper compass, and the carpenter inserting them, hammered away with his mallet until they stuck so tight that it was impossible by any exertion of strength to move them. And here they then remained, and probably there remain to this day.

This disregard, or rather incapability of appreciating, books is not, unhappily, a sign of the past. Although education has been so wide-spread, and though under its banner the multitudes are rapidly ranging themselves, a veneration for learning is not so widely diffused as it might be. How often do we not hear, after a man enthusiastic in the cause of literature and books has spent a whole life-time in assembling round him these legacies of genius and talent to posterity—how often, we say, at his death, has not the son, in order to realize a few hundred pounds, ruthlessly offered them to the hammer of the auctioneer, and scattered them far and near. At one time, indeed, almost an antipathy existed to books, and those who devoted themselves to profound study, or deep philosophical researches. A vague fear that their knowledge had led them to penetrate into regions something more than human, cast a halo of awe round the fumes of the midnight lamp! This, in its extreme, has of course long since passed away, but how often do we not hear the term 'pedant' applied to those who have had the patience to explore paths of learning too intricate and difficult for ordinary minds to traverse.

Women, more especially, excepting those thrown by accident within the sphere of literature, cherish an unconquerable aversion to its professors, and this arises, not from any innate dislike to study itself, but from the isolation essential to its pursuit. Many instances of this dislike are on record belonging, it is true, to former times, but which have been attended with serious mischief to those most concerned. Literary men are more to blame for the evils arising out of their intercourse with illiterate women, than the women themselves. It is by no means essential to an author that his wife should be one also. On the contrary, this is sometimes productive of un-

pleasant results. But it is absolutely necessary that if a literary man desires to be happy, he must select a wife whose tastes and refinement of mind render her capable of sympathizing in his pursuits, and urging him forward in his career. Many a man, when the flush of beauty and youth has passed, sighs for the companion of which he created the ideal.

As an illustration of our remarks we may present our readers with an anecdote narrated to us many years ago, but the facts of which are deeply riveted in our memory from the sort of melancholy association connected with it. Some time ago—in the last century in fact, when literary men were more scarce, and study was more essential to the formation of one—there lived a man utterly devoted to one grand idea; and this was the production of an enormous dictionary of our own language. What were its actual merits the world will never know, though, as it occupied his whole early life, the best years of manhood, and had grown up beneath his touch like a vast mountain, imperceptibly swelling with the lapse of time, he loved it as something absolutely belonging to himself—a part of his very soul. Whether the student unmarried at five-and-forty became at length weary of his solitary life, or whether he wanted some one to listen to the reading of his ponderous dictionary, we know not; certain it is, however, that he took it into his head to marry a young, pretty, and thrifty woman, whose wits may have been a little scarce. Everything went on smoothly in the *ménage* for some time. At last the young wife began to think that the husband spent much too great a portion of his time in a room yclept the library. There the long hoardings of years were assembled, curious books with parchment covers, and dingy volumes and MSS. in ancient writing and dirty covering. There was an atmosphere of mist exhaling from the chamber continually, much to the annoyance of the thrifty housewife, whom nothing so much delighted as order, cleanliness, and regularity. Nothing could, she was positively convinced, go on well while her husband was penned up for so many hours in that ‘unwholesome den,’ where the dust and dirt of ages seemed to have accumulated upon those dingy books and papers. Had the student spent less of his time in this *sanctum sanctorum*, it is probable the wife would have viewed it with much more respect and admiration. One day the husband left home for a week’s visit into the country, and the library was entirely at her mercy. No sooner was his back turned than the wife called all her handmaids together, and commenced a vigorous assault upon the shelves and tables. Precious documents and papers, long hoarded, but musty with age, were recklessly consigned to be burned. At length, nestling in a cobwebby corner, she came

upon a mass of papers well covered with close crabbed writing. Its leaves were yellow and dark by time; innumerable corrections made the page unsightly. 'I'm sure,' she exclaimed, 'this can be no use now, there isn't room to add another word, so take it away;' and the ponderous mass quickly joined the condemned heap upon the floor. Some days of indefatigable labour soon put the room to rights, and the lady impatiently waited her husband's return that she might show him the triumph she had achieved. When he came, scarcely were the first greetings over, when, with nods and smiles, and wise looks, she led the way to the library, and, throwing open the door of the modernized apartment, exclaimed, 'See what I have done while you have been away!' The silent gaze of sorrow, and the pale countenance of her awe-stricken husband, somewhat startled her, as, with a look of doubt, and trembling fear, he raised his eyes to the corner where he had left the completed volume of his dictionary! 'My love,' he said, with white lips and trembling tone, 'did you see in this corner some paper?' 'Oh, some yellow-looking rubbish—yes, and gave it to Betsy to burn! and think it's all gone by this time. It wasn't any use, was it?'

What the disconsolate author thought is not related: only that he said nothing, uttered no reproach; but to the day of his death, which happened a few years afterwards, he never took pen in hand again, and never spoke or looked like the same man. His wife, of course, when she discovered the destruction she had committed, was deeply grieved—but what availed her grief!

In the pleasant volumes of Mr. Gillies, there is much that might, with infinite amusement, be extracted; but we hesitate, from the length to which some of the anecdotes extend, to introduce them here. Our author, during his varied and unfortunate career, has fallen in with many adventures, and mixed in the society of men whose names are as familiar to us as 'household words.' Perhaps he does not tell us much about each; but then he presents us with lively gossip about all—gives us letters of some, little traits of others—all valuable to such as love to cherish the familiar sayings and doings of those whose talents have brought them publicly forward. Of Wordsworth there are many epistles, which, we believe, have not been before published; and Scott glides past us like a shadow. But, perhaps, in all Mr. Gillies's recollections there is not a pleasanter picture than that of the home of Dugald Stewart, who was so fitted by nature to adorn the society of the most learned. He visited but little, however, contenting himself with accepting a few only of the invitations showered upon him. His chief delight was to assemble his family and one or two guests in his drawing-room, and there, by the light of a blazing fire only, pass the

evening in quiet chat; his wife and other members of his family joining in whenever an opportunity presented itself. To his children he was most devotedly attached; and when he lost a beloved son, in 1811, he seemed to lose all relish for his public career, and wished immediately to retire into private life. At the intervention of numerous friends, however, he consented to appear again in the lecture-room, but very shortly really retired, and devoted himself to the quiet and steady pursuit of literature.

Of Byron, and his smaller satellites, we have little notice. Of Sir Walter Scott we have a few letters. The volumes are full of allusions to these and similar distinguished men; but as it is not practicable to assemble within the limits of an article all the brief remarks and observations of our author, we must request the reader to accompany Mr. Gillies in his career, and pass a pleasant hour or so in conning over the 'Memoirs of a Literary Veteran.'

Mr. Gillies is himself an author, has passed much of his time amongst literary men, and shows that he justly appreciates them by one most judicious observation, that the best writers are often the mildest critics. Most assuredly they are. Those conscious of mediocrity are fearful of a rival; and the moment a new aspirant makes his appearance, seek to cry him down. They are willing to give much credit to those already acknowledged by the world, because they dare not cry them down, and feel assured that any aspersions they cast on them will be received as betraying their own petty jealousy. If the greatest genius were suddenly to appear before them, they would long refuse to acknowledge him.

It is curious to observe the wisdom and penetration of those who have at all mingled in literary society. They read an author, study his peculiarities and style, and imagine they perfectly understand his whole system of thought, and could detect one mistake instantly. But to show that even authors themselves are not always infallible judges, we will relate an anecdote which has never yet been made public; though having received it from an undoubted source, we venture to vouch for its veracity. Shelley, whose poems many years ago were so much read and admired, necessarily excited much discussion in literary circles. A party of literary men were one evening engaged in canvassing his merits, when one of them declared that he knew the turns of Shelley's mind so well, that amongst a thousand anonymous pieces he would detect his, no matter where published. Mr. James Augustus St. John, who was present, not liking the blustering tone of the speaker, remarked, that he thought he was mistaken; and that it would, amongst so many, be difficult

to trace the style of Shelley. Every one present, however, sided with his opponent, and agreed that it was perfectly impossible that any one could imitate his style. A few days after, a poem entitled 'To the Queen of my Heart' appeared in the 'London Weekly Review,' with Shelley's signature, but written by Mr. St. John himself. The same coterie met and discussed the poem brought to their notice, and prided themselves much upon their discrimination; said, they at once recognised the 'style of Shelley, could not be mistaken, his soul breathed through it—it was himself.' And so 'The Queen of my Heart' was settled to be Shelley's! and to this day it is numbered with his poems,* and very few are in the secret that it is not actually his. The imitation was perfect, and completely deceived every one, much to the discomfiture of all concerned.

We have been a little betrayed from the volumes under consideration by the above anecdote. Let us, however, in conclusion, assure Mr. Gillies, that, whatever his misfortunes may have been, and however severe his sufferings, he has contrived, out of his experience, to produce a most entertaining book, full of amusing anecdotes, witty observations, and clever notices of men and things. His three volumes are well worthy of perusal; and no one can rise from them without a heartfelt conviction that the author deserved a better reward than he appears to have met with.

ART. VI.—*The Metamorphoses of Apuleius: A Romance of the Second Century. Translated from the Latin.* By Sir George Head. Post 8vo. Pp. 411. London: Longman and Co.

It is greatly to be wished that, by some legislative or other act, words of serious import to mankind could be fixed in some acknowledged meaning. We speak of religion, of happiness, or of good fortune; when what we mean by religion, may be what our hearers mean by impiety; and our best fortune their lowest conception of misery; nevertheless, they will necessarily, unless they happen to know us closely, associate their own ideas with our expressions, and thus, without meaning it, we are propagating lies. 'If a man were called,' writes Gibbon, 'to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he

* See Shelley's Works, edited by Mrs. Shelley, vol. iv. p. 166. It deceived even his wife.

would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus; the vast extent of the Roman empire was governed by absolute power under the guidance of virtue and wisdom.' Out of every thousand readers of Gibbon, how many have paused over this passage, to consider what, in his philosophy, is the meaning of happiness; or what elements go most essentially to the making of human prosperity? It passes for ascertained historic truth; men of all opinions receive it and respect it, each in his own sense, and only when they compare notes begin to see that they have come away each with a different conclusion. It has been said 'Happy are the people whose annals are a blank,' who have gone on with the roll of the age silent and unnoticeable. Man, like the rest of God's creatures, eating, drinking, sleeping, labouring, marrying and giving in marriage, generation after generation, gliding from cradle to grave, leaving no record of great deeds, great thoughts, struggles, defeats, or victories; without all these—and blessed in being without them—blessed in a common life, common duties, common trials, and common enjoyments. This is one form of happy life—most happy, to those whose hearts it satisfies, or whose philosophy it illustrates. Again, there is a happiness in the abundance of life's good things—in a strong social order where, secured by law from violence, without danger to fear, or hardship to endure, men have leisure to devote themselves heart and soul to multiplying wealth, and what wealth can bring—to cultivate pleasure as an art—in all ways to make the world, while they remain in it, smooth, and, as they say, comfortable; while, again, there are men to whom the common is the common; to whom the earth is only valuable for those rare occasions which it offers for heroism and nobleness; who do not care for ease, and hate luxury as a poison; whose life is militant, whose story is a struggle; for whom the whole worth of the human race lies in a few great names or great ages, as the aloe blossoms once only in a hundred years, and for the rest is but a dense, unlovely shrub.

Nor does philosophy much help us in our difficulties. Aristotle may define happiness as the energy of the most excellent functions of the spirit. But what are those most excellent functions? What occasions best call them out? In what atmosphere will they put on their most beautiful forms? It is said, and truly, that our trials lie necessarily most in common routine—routine is the staple of our existence, and it is easier to behave well in one great trial than in a hundred little ones; it is easier to bear one great pain than a hundred annoyances, as the rock which the earthquake cannot tear is worn by the

water-drops. But, again, if he that is faithful in little is faithful in much, it is true also that men may be faithful in the little and yet fail in the much; and it remains a question which, on the whole, is best for us, a still, silent, peaceful life, or, a restless and agitated one. Nature will not answer it for us; she is ready, as she always is, to take all sides and give every man an answer or an illustration according to his own heart. Stagnant water is another name for pollution, and the running stream a synonym of purity; but the stagnant water teems with living things, and the torrent is untenanted by any growth, or disturbed by any motion, except its own. The diamond is beautiful, but clay is fertile—the mountains are magnificent, the meadow valleys sweet and fragrant. The climate of the south makes men indolent, but contented; the unkindly and uneasy north stirs them into unrest and energy; and so on through all her endless pages; she has varied food for all her children, and what is really most beautiful and most admirable, she leaves a secret open only to the noble heart. To the noble, she speaks nobly; to the weak, weakly; to the common, commonly; and in all ‘the changes and chances of this mortal life,’ in dark ages and in enlightened, in peace or struggle, in famine or in plenty, in routine or in revolution, there is never a time but what, from some aspect or other, the human fruit which it is producing may seem good or the best. Yet, letting all this pass, and pass for what it is worth, after all, the general instincts of men, as far as they have yet spoken themselves, have given a pre-eminence to one form of character over another, even when both are good in their kind; and, after making all allowance for our disposition to over-estimate the *rare* only because of its rarity, we mean something when we speak of men as great, as sublime, or as heroic. The very strong man, even when his strength lies, as in Cæsar, in the might of his own will and intellect, we admire as something larger and grander than ourselves, and far more when it lies in the love of God, of right, of justice, or of truth. There is a grandeur of worldliness which raises Cæsar’s actions above the highest conceivable successes in the banking-house or in the Stock Exchange; and there is a grandeur of godliness which makes the ordinary goodness of ordinary good men comparatively very insignificant by the side of the martyr or confessor.

Now whatever may have been the amount of average comfort in the second century, of such fruit as this, there has never been any age, not any one age in all the long known story of the world, more hopelessly barren than those eighty years which Gibbon says was, undoubtedly, the most prosperous which the world has known. His theory of human nature was not therefore, a lofty one. Generally sceptical as he was about human

virtue, its scarce and partial manifestations were not sufficient to outweigh the large amount of general enjoyment, even if they entered at all into his conception of general prosperity; and with him there was nothing better for us than an exactly kept social order, where the average man without any high exercise of virtue could provide himself with abundance of externals. It is the more clear that this was his meaning from the one exception which he specifies to this general happiness; the only persons of whom any more was demanded, whose courage was exposed to trial, and who had more to bear than to enjoy, being the persecuted members of the Christian Church.

For the rest, an atheism disguising itself under the name of conformity with ancient usage, with a steady belief in this world, and in such good things as it had to offer, being the spiritual characteristics of the time, the temporary issue of so prudent a faith was, as might have been expected, profound peace (the condition which on the whole to enlightened atheism will always appear the most desirable); to liberty, to patriotism, to self-respect, an indifference, if not hostility, such vast feelings being so often occasions of turbulence, and interfering with the general comfort; and a toleration of every religion, except Christianity. Christianity being excepted because it was itself intolerant—because, of all the religions, it was the only one really antagonistic to all this baseness, and with a spirit to face it and to execrate it.

In this condition of things arose the first European novel; the form of fiction properly belonging to periods of this kind, offering, as it does, the kind of intellectual enjoyment, which minds cultivated to such a degree of strength, and in such a belief, are capable of receiving. A novel, witty after its sort, filthy exceedingly, full of light good-natured satire, at times with touches of genuine humour, with its episodes of tragedy and comedy, and, if we may believe the Catholic Fathers, and the present translator, not without a transcendental philosophy, with which the pseudo-earnestness of such times supplies the absence of anything better. There is a half scorn of the life which it depicts, just so much as to show that the writer did see how base it was; but on the whole, his disposition was to be good-humoured about it; to take the world as it came, and men as he found them; not to get on stilts and take to idealizing, but to make the best of things, and extract a laugh out of them, if nothing else.

‘The period and circumstances,’ writes the translator, ‘under which Apuleius composed his *Metamorphoses*, are not known with precision, neither has it been ascertained when he himself flourished, farther than that he is supposed to have been about

contemporary with Lucian, in the beginning of the second century. It is at all events generally admitted, that he was born of good family, at Madauna, a town in Numidia; received the first rudiments of education at Carthage, thence proceeded to Athens to complete his studies, and afterwards set out on his travels through Italy, Greece, and Asia.

‘There is, however, one romantic event recorded to have happened to him, that possibly may have influenced his mind with reference to the composition of the *Metamorphoses*—while on his way to Alexandria, he happened to fall sick at Tripoli, where his protracted visit in the house of a young man, his host, led to a matrimonial alliance with the young man’s mother, a lady of large independent fortune, named Pudentilla, who had at that time been fourteen years a widow. Soon after the marriage was solemnized, the family of the lady, who, as well as she herself, appear to have been captivated at first with Apuleius’s wit and learning, and to have anxiously promoted the alliance, joined all together in a conspiracy to dissolve the connexion, in order to prevent the alienation of Pudentilla’s property. Accordingly, they resolved to accuse Apuleius of the crime of witchcraft, on the ground that he had won the lady’s heart by means of spells and incantations, on which ridiculous charge, sustained on proofs the most absurd and frivolous, he was arraigned with all the due formalities of law, and the cause was actually tried at Sabrata, then a Roman colony, before Claudius Maximus, the Proconsul. On that occasion, Apuleius pronounced in his defence the celebrated *Apology*, one of the principal of his works now extant, and defeated his antagonists triumphantly.’

It is supposed, that in his irritation at the foolery, from which he had suffered so much inconvenience, Apuleius wrote the ‘*Golden Ass*’ to revenge himself upon it. From the few facts which we know of his history, he certainly in places identifies himself with his hero. He would scarcely thank us to press the parallel through, however, or to suppose that he had any piece of private experience corresponding to its principal event. But it is time that we should give some account of the story itself.

A young gentleman, of philosophic family, sets out from Corinth on an expedition, which is to combine the useful and the amusing, into Thessaly. On his way he overtakes a pair of travellers, one of whom has been drawing heavily on the credulity of the other, and Lucius, whose appetite for the marvellous is strong, begs that he may be allowed to share the story, which at any rate will help the weariness of the long hill, which they were ascending. Learning that it concerned the doings of a witch, ‘who could drag down the firmament, take the world upon her shoulders and walk away with it, freeze

fountains, crumble the rocks, raise the dead, dethrone the gods, extinguish the stars, and illuminate the depths of Tartarus,' he philosophically rebukes the incredulous sceptic who dared to question the likelihood of the existence of such a creature, by declaring that we were not to disbelieve a thing because it was wonderful; that many wonderful things happened in this world which we could not explain, &c.; and that 'he had himself seen a sword-swallower at Athens take a hunting spear down his throat, and a little imp climb to the top of the haft, and twist and twine upon it as if he had never a bone in his body.' He begs the story-teller, therefore, to proceed. The latter, a commercial traveller in the cheese trade, by name Aristomenes, thus encouraged, goes on to say how he had lately been at Hypata, the city to which our hero was bound, where he had met with an acquaintance, one Socrates, in a state of great misery. On inquiring how he had sunk into so sad a condition, he learnt that his friend had fallen in with robbers, who had stripped him of all that he had, and had turned him out naked; while in this forlorn plight, a certain witch had, by bad luck, cast her eye upon him; the previous doings of which lady had been enough to make adventurous young persons hesitate in accepting her attentions.

"Listen!" Socrates had said to him, "and hear the arts which she hath perpetrated in broad daylight, before many witnesses. In the first place, by pronouncing a single word, she changed one of her lovers, of whom she was jealous, into a wild beaver, and exposed him to the hunters, as a punishment for his slight of her. Then again, she had a grudge against a neighbouring innkeeper, for nothing more, forsooth, than that he was one of her own profession. Him she transformed into a frog. Poor fellow! he is now grown old; and hoarsely croaking, as it were, in the way of business to his old customers, sometimes sits buried in the dregs of his own wine, and at other times, swims on the surface. Then there was a lawyer of the Forum who conducted a cause against her, and she changed him into a ram. So the lawyer still pleads his causes with his head, and gives rebutters and surrebutters as he used to do. Finally, there was the wife of one of her lovers, a chatterbox, who spoke scandal of her; and happening to be then about to increase her family, she condemned her to remain ever after in the same condition. Accordingly, 'tis now eight years, people say, she has been continually growing larger and larger, as if going to be brought to bed of an elephant."

Socrates, however, in spite of all, and feeling it probably as dangerous to reject as to accept the lady's smiles, had surrendered to his destiny; but, poor wretch, not having been able to keep his own counsel, he was to be another instance of his witch mistress's cruelty and ingratitude. The same night, after supper,

where Aristomenes had been entertaining him, the door was crashed open, the bed was upset by the shock, and the cheese-dealer, looking out half-smothered from under the clothes, saw the old woman enter with a companion, and there and then cut the throat (of course only after a witch-like symbolic manner) of her too talkative lover. The next morning they had recovered themselves, and supposed it was no more than a dream; but the symbol proved as effective as the reality, for in the course of the day, in crossing a river, poor Socrates fell down and died.

With his mind well filled with such ghastly stories, Lucius arrives shortly at this fearful city, nothing daunted, and full of eagerness to make personal acquaintance with such marvellous matters. He presents his letters of introduction, and is invited to stay at the house of an old usurer, by name Milo, whose wife, Pamphila, as it afterwards proved, was nothing less than the most ill-favoured, yet most exigent, and at the same time most potent witch in Thessaly. The ugliness of the mistress was in some degree compensated for, however, by the prettiness of her maid, whom Lucius rapidly attaches to himself; and through Fotis, so the damsel was called, who was in the secret of her mistress, the unfortunate youth anticipates a full admission into the most attractive mysteries, without risk or discomfort to himself. Alas for the miscalculations of too curious mortals! But for the mischance which was to fall upon him—the saddest and most ignominious, in which the destinies could involve any human being—he had first humanly to qualify himself. A few days after his arrival was to be celebrated, at Hypata, the festival of the god of laughter, toward which all strangers, actively or passively, according to their gifts, were expected to contribute something. Lucius, whose talents did not lie in the line of making fun, was forced to be the object of it; and to the incident which followed, the most humorous in the book, Cervantes seems to have been indebted for Don Quixote's adventure with the wine skins. Sir George Head says it is meant for a satire on the Pudentilla business; but it may very fairly rest upon its own merits.

On the eve of the feast, Lucius, returning home late, not over sober, from a supper party, perceived, on his arrival at his host's door, what he supposed to be three desperate robbers, in the act of breaking it open. In a paroxysm of drunken valour he draws his dagger, rushes among them, and dealing blows right and left, in a few moments lays them all three at his feet. Not a little surprised at his easy victory, and, moreover, dreadfully frightened at it, he lets himself in with his pass-key, hurries to his room, and locking the door, buries himself and his troubles under the bedclothes. After a miserable night, he is roused in the morning by the police coming to take him before the prefect,

to answer for the murder of three honest and peaceful citizens. The court is crowded by the entire population of Hypata—the bodies laid out covered with a black cloth—the mourning relations demanding justice. The evidence of the police is conclusive, the case is clear, the conviction inevitable; and Lucius, despite his protestations, is sentenced to instant execution. Before being taken to the cross, however, the first part of his sentence is that he must, with his own hand, uncover the bodies of his victims in the face of the multitude. Unwillingly he approaches the bier, drags off the pall, and, to his own utter perplexity, amidst shrieks and peals of laughter, he discloses not three murdered men, but three badly wounded goatskins, bearing witness in several large gaping orifices against the dagger of their assassin.

So amidst laughter and apologies, protestation that he is the hero of the day, and promises of a statue to commemorate his achievements, the court breaks up, and Lucius slinks home by the back streets to escape the mocking finger of the populace. No sooner has he arrived there, than the unfortunate Fotis flies to him, whip in hand, and presenting her person to his chastisement, prays him to inflict the punishment she had deserved by having been the unwilling cause of his disgrace. Now comes the point of the story, which is explained without a whipping, amidst tears and kisses. The creatures which had been stabbed, whatever they were, had been palpably engaged in breaking open the door, that was certain, and yet the next day they were no more than three dried goatskins, and he, poor fellow, had made sport for the god of laughter. But what might not happen in the witch land of Thessaly? The good-for-nothing Pamphila had set her heart for the time being on a certain youthful Bæotian. She had pressed heaven and earth into her service to bring about a return of her affection; and nothing had been wanting to complete the incantation which was to summon him but the universal ingredient in such composition—a lock of the victim's hair. For this precious prize the impatient Pamphila, who had watched her lover to the barber's, had despatched her domestic, who was to sweep it up from among the clippings on the floor. But the barber, who had got an inkling of her errand, detected her before she could make her escape with it; spite of struggle and entreaty, he tore it out of her hands and drove her out of his shop. What was to be done? a mistress who could put the stars out was not to be trifled with. She had thought of running away, she told Lucius; but the remembrance of him had prevented her from doing that, and she was dismally wending her way home, when passing through a back street, she perceived a man dressing some goat-skin wine

bags. The goat's hair was the counterpart of that of the Bœotian youth: it was the very thing—an interference of the gods to save her; she snatched a handful of it, and hurried home to her mistress. Unthinking Fotis! no sooner was the terrible spell set working, than the burning locks took effect on their proper owners. The inflated skins, coerced by the mystic forces, received human breath, and power, and motion; obedient to the summons, they were struggling their way to the presence of the charmer, who was expecting a very different visitor, when Lucius, full of wine, had arrived upon the scene.

After such an adventure, one would think Lucius must have had enough of witchcraft, and thenceforth might have gone about his business like an ordinary man. But no—he must complete his destiny! In the strongest sense of the *metaphor*, he had been made an ass of; and, having earned a complete transformation, the justice of the gods awards him his deserts.

He will only forgive the penitent damsel on condition of a further initiation into the mysteries; and an occasion is not long in offering itself. A few nights after the festival, Fotis comes running unto him to say that now was his time to witness the grandest of secrets. Pamphila, disappointed of seeing her lover at her own house, was about to convey herself to his; and Lucius, through a chink in the floor of an upper-room, to which Fotis conducts him, beholds her anoint herself with a certain ointment, mutter some magical words, and, in a few moments, in the shape of an owl, fly out of the window. Nothing will satisfy him but that he, too, must try the same experiment. Much against her will, he compels poor Fotis to procure him the ointment; and, stripping off his clothes, he covers himself with it from head to foot. In an agony of hope he awaits his transformation; and it comes; but, alas! alas! far other from what he looked for. Instead of the fair brown feathers, a grey down shoots out over his face and body; his ears prolong themselves infinitely upwards, and a wonderful appendage he feels dangling behind him. Fotis had brought *the wrong box*; in a few seconds the metamorphosis is complete—he is standing on his four legs a finished ass.

As to whether there was any adventure of his own which Apuleius was intending to satirize; whether the marriage business, after all, turned out ill, and Pudentilla dealt hardly with him; history is happily silent. There is something suspicious in the celibate vow which is connected with his ultimate restoration, and the passionate eagerness with which it is assumed provokes our curiosity; but there is nothing to build upon, and it is wanton to take away the character of a marriage which he was himself at so much pains to clear.

For the adventures of the hero under his transformation, which form the substance of the rest of the book, at any rate there is no scandal in them. They are no more than a succession of pictures of the world of the time, drawn very skilfully from an ass's point of view, who, after all, is not altogether the ass which he seems. His first impulse, on discovering his misfortune, is to destroy the unlucky author of it. From this he is restrained by a prudent recollection, that if he kills her she will not be able to help him back to his manhood. She then tells him, that his restoration depends on a very simple condition; he had only to eat a new-blown rose, and all will be well again. A single night threatened to be the longest which he would have to wait; a series of misadventures prolong his penance for a year. A few hours after his metamorphosis, the house of Milo is attacked by robbers. The plunder is divided between the backs of our friend and his horse, who are driven off with it to the mountains; and, thenceforward, upwards and downwards, from pillar to post, through evil report and good report, the poor creature is kicked to and fro through a hard world, under masters of all kinds—robbers, country gentlemen, peasants, tradesmen, soldiers, howling dervishes, and all other 'representative' classes of the day—meeting ever, under all his changes, with one fate, which never changes, incessant cudgelling.

Very humorously, too, the understanding of the creature is tempered like that of the fools of the mediæval courts—the keen wit in motley dress, to his new shape of brain; but his wisdom is rather for every one else than for himself; and if ever ass earned his beatings, he does. But the hero's adventures form no more than the central fibre of the book. As in the 'Arabian Nights,' story winds within story, strung at intervals like jewels on the chain; we have tales of robbers, of witches, of necromancers, of domestic crimes; then there are fairy tales, the well-known beautiful one of Cupid and Psyche, of which we shall have more to say presently; and, directly and indirectly, the entire private life of that old world is laid out before us; the way men lived, what they talked about, what amused them, what employed them; what they hoped, feared, or believed. The season passes before the fatal rose can be brought within reach of Lucius. Then comes the winter with none, and hopes of none. He submits to the inevitable, and drudges patiently on; for a time forgetting, as it seems, that he was anything more than he appeared. And so from hand to hand, till at last, while waiting outside the amphitheatre at Corinth, where he was himself to exhibit as soon as the lions had done eating a questionable woman (it was the practice with the authorities, when any benevolent person would go to the expense of a popular entertainment,

to make over the refuse of the prisons to him to help out the fun), and not feeling easy that his own sleek skin might not prove over-tempting to them, it struck him that, while the attention of every one was drawn off, he might as well run away. He gallops off along the road till he reaches Cenchreæ; and then, enchanted, he flings himself down on the sands to sleep. Like Ulysses laid sleeping on the shores of Ithaca, he wakes to find that he has reached unconsciously the period of his labours. The goddess Isis has floated in upon his dreams, with a beneficent promise, that on his awakening he will see her procession on the shore. One of her priests will bear a chaplet of fresh roses; he was to advance boldly, and take one; and that he might find no difficulty, she was present at the same moment, she tells him, in the dreams of the priest, to prepare him. On eating the blessed rose, he was to be Lucius once more, and was ever after to consider himself devoted to her service. All which follows happily according to the divine promise; and the book ends with an account of the inauguration of Lucius—in other words, of Apuleius himself—into the service successively of Isis and Osiris, and, last of all, of Serapis; the triple initiation into the triple mystery accompanied, as we said, with the somewhat remarkable vow of celibacy. The favours of these great persons, however, are not reserved for another life; and we are not to confound celibacy with ascetism. No more is intended than a free batchelor's life; and that there may be no lack of means for the full enjoyment of it, Osiris undertakes to provide his servant with ample work and ample pay in his profession of pleader in the Forum.

Such in outline is the 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius, a novel once wonderfully popular. The Fathers saw in it the hand of Anti-christ; Augustine doubted whether it were not a real history of diabolic machinations. At the revival of letters, it took a front place in public interest, and it is the lineal progenitor of many novels, and those the best of their kind, Oriental as well as European. Raffael painted from it; Cervantes borrowed from it, so did afterwards Le Sage, very largely. Perhaps, our Shakespere found in it his conception of Bottom; there is a passionate apostrophe to the ass on the lips of a young lady; which is too like Titania's to be accidental; and Sir Philip Sydney speaks admiringly of it in his 'Defence of Poesy.' There is hardly a better measure of the buoyancy of a book, than the quantity of notes which it is capable of floating; and into one of the early printed editions, a foolish editor was able to cram several hundred pages, *de omni scibili*. Of late years, the interest has ebbed again. In the abundance of novels of native growth, there has been, before the present translator took it in hand, no English version of Apuleius; and a better taste has

directed classical students to more really excellent writers. Now that it has appeared, however, in a form accessible to professed novel readers, the most indolent of them may destroy an hour or two over it with as much pleasure, and at least as much profit, as over the last novel of George Sand, or Sir Lytton Bulwer. And, with readers of another class, it is possible that it may regain its old place on different grounds from those on which its previous reputation rested ; not on its merits as a novel, but on the historic importance of the age of which it is the picture : an importance which is every day growing perceptibly larger. We are learning better to study history as a whole, to trace its organic laws in the recurrence of remarkable phenomena, and to observe in the moral aspect of the various eras, the future which the event proved to be involved in them. From this point of view, the second century, or that immediately preceding the final decay of the Roman Empire, becomes every day of graver import to us. The executive powers, which appeared so strong, were sick of a mortal disease, old modes of thought were passing away, and in their decay the soil was forming, in which the modern life was planted to grow. Out of the midst of it, 'in it, but not of it,' the awful religion of Christ was rising. This was the world which it went out to subdue ; the world against which the saints of the purest age, the men who drew up our creeds, and ordered our Scriptures, were contending ; the world which they denounced and execrated, and which in its turn martyred them ; and in the dearth of history and of poetry, this book of Apuleius—if we except Plutarch's 'Symposia'—is, perhaps, the only description from the Pagan side of what it was. The Fathers revile its vices ; but the lights fall all one way, and in the intensity of their indignation common shapes throw monstrous shadows. In Apuleius we see the same scenes, but with the shadows partially illuminated ; and between them the real thing lies with some distinctness before us.

There it is, a great age, rich and prosperous externally beyond any which the world as yet had known. The peaceful earth slumbered ; 'the war-drum throbbed no longer ;' to the enthusiastic eyes of Elihu Burritt it would have seemed the inauguration of the millennium. An age of commerce and manufacture—men going to and fro on their business and their pleasure ; abundant in comforts for the body, in fancy religions for the soul ; a huge rotting world, without faith in God or man, across whose debased and debasing spirit not any one noble thought, or hope, or aspiration, ever passed—no politic factions troubled the night slumbers—no patriots were agitated with dreams of independence. The empire was bound together by force, or by what was left of the organic cords which were twisted in the old noble times ; but

the last strands were wearing through, and were soon to part for ever.

With how thin a varnish even of the sort of well-being which he valued, Mr. Gibbon was deceived, the few extracts which we are about to give will serve to show. Here, for instance, is one of the 'absolute power under the direction of absolute wisdom,' an official picture of the results in detail of centralization; the youthful guardian of public justice being, probably, some younger son of a noble family who had to be 'provided for.' The scene is obviously from life. On his arrival at Hypata, Lucius, distrusting the extent of Milo's hospitality, and wishing to secure himself a supper, goes into the market to buy fish, when the chaffering and the results of the chaffering between a gentleman and a fishmonger are such as might have been expected. As he is going off with his purchase, he meets an old friend who is in office as inspector of provisions. The basket is examined, and the price inquired into. The inspector, on learning it, hurries back his friend to the scene of his bargain, when, by way of administering justice, the following ensues:—

"Now tell me," said he, "who sold you this good-for-nothing fish?"

"I pointed to a little old man, sitting in one corner of the Forum; upon which Pytheas (so the inspector was called), immediately began to harangue the old man severely.

"What now," said he, in a very imperial tone of voice to the fishmonger, "hast thou no mercy left in thee, neither for our friends nor for strangers, to ask such an exorbitant price for thy pitiful fish? Truly, now if you persist to raise the price of articles in the market after this fashion, our city, now the flower of the province of Thessaly, will be deserted like a rock on a wilderness, from the dearness of provisions. But I'll make you smart for it; nay, I will teach you how rogues are dealt with, while I am a magistrate."

"So saying, Pytheas, without more ado, emptied the basket in the middle of the road, and bade one of his attendants trample the fish under his feet till they were all crushed in pieces; which act having been performed to my friend's satisfaction, he, contented with the moral discipline inflicted on the fishmonger, recommended me to leave the Forum; "for," said he, "Lucius, I have sufficiently disgraced the little old fellow, and I am satisfied."

"I, on the contrary, was astonished, and almost in a state of stupefaction at thus being, owing to the sage advice of my schoolfellow, deprived at once of my money and my supper."

So much for the wisdom of the provincial administrators. But the system could only be carried on through a military despotism, and the lords of the empire were unable to secure the poorer and weaker part of the population from the rapacity

of their own executive. What a story is that of the poor gardener! He is driving his ass along the road, when a bullying soldier of the legion meets him and takes a fancy to it. To take a fancy to a thing, and to take the thing itself, were identical with the soldiers of the later empire. A scuffle follows, in which the aggressor gets the worst of it; but the gardener had to pay in his person for defending his property. The soldier, with the help of his companions, and backed by the authority of the magistrate (of easy belief when a legionary was the complainant), not only took forcible possession of the desired animal, but flung his owner into prison for assault on his sacred self.

Here, again, is a picture of the condition of the 'operatives' in a wholesale baking establishment, given by Lucius, when introduced there in his condition of an ass:—

'The curiosity of my nature overpowered every other sensation, and I actually refrained from eating in order to look around me. I viewed with an eagerness amounting to painful delight, the discipline of our abominable workshop; what a miserable stunted set of human beings did I see before me—creatures, ye gracious gods! whose lacerated backs and shoulders shaded, rather than covered, with ragged clothes, were marked black and blue with wheals; their heads half shaved, their foreheads, branded with letters; their faces of ghastly paleness; their eyes, from the vaporous heat of dark smoky chambers, sore and rheumy; their eyelids glued together; and their ankles encompassed with heavy iron rings; the flesh of the greater portion was visible through the rents and fissures of their tattered garments; while the entire bodies of the remainder, naked, with the exception of a slender covering about the waist, were sprinkled over with a dirty mixture of flower and ashes, like the dust of an amphitheatre.'

So it ever is and ever will be; the strongest centralized despotism will fail to make a world of selfish men move wisely and justly. No system of order can be so contrived but that the cunning knave can use it for his own advantage, and the weaker will still go to the wall, whether the weakness be in position, in intellect, or in body. The only difference between disturbed times and times of such peace as this, is in the forms which selfishness assume; in the first, strength of arm prospers; in the second, strength of wit or cunning; and in some respects the first is the better of the two, as the lion and the leopard are nobler brutes than the jackal and the hyæna. Nay, in this second century, whatever nobleness there was left in the *unchristian* world, had absolutely forsaken the decent part of the community and had gone over to the 'devil's regiments,' the banditti, with which the mountains were peopled; and the truest existing representative of the old Spartan virtue, is to be found in the

robber Trasyleo, in his bearskin, dying without a groan, that he may not betray his comrades.

The profound peace of the provinces was no result of a contented submission to a strong and healthy government; but an easy acquiescence in evil; they had ceased to be conscious of it, because they had ceased to care for good, and evil therefore had ceased to be painful to them. Not to dwell upon the witchcraft, there is another infallible symptom of the corruption of the age in the frequency of poisoning. Between mesmerism and poison, there was scarcely a family in the empire but could have provided materials for a modern French novel, with commonly also the same exciting central figure to give it zest and point; a fair lady, unhappy under the tyranny of a law which deprives her of the right to dispose of her own proper person; a husband, whose crime is an objection to his wife's theory on the subject; a lover, ready to supply the husband's place when he is disposed of; and again, himself to follow the husband when the lady's free will requires a novel stimulant.

Crime, under the early Cæsars, was the privilege of the imperial or patrician families; and the provinces had degenerated from what they were in the age from Augustine to Vespasian. Whatever Rome was (and it was a very hell on earth), the provinces, as we may see in the case of the tumult at Ephesus, when St. Paul was there, were well and effectively administered; the ablest men were chosen to govern them, and appeals received in general, even from a Tiberius, a ready and careful hearing. Apollonius, of Tyana, is said to have got a præfect hanged by him for trying *protection*, and raising the price of corn. And for this period the provinces were the strength of the empire. The men of genius, such as they were, were almost without exception provincial; the provinces recruited the legions, and after Nero's death, as a rule, the successful commander of the troops succeeded to the command of the world. But the poison at the heart spread into an ever-enlarging circle; the margin of health which lay round the confines, sheltering it from the barbarian, grew thinner and thinner, till at last, wearing to a shell, it cracked and broke; and the form of the old world passed away.

And now a few words on the story of Cupid and Psyche, of which so much unnecessary stuff has been talked from the time of the Fathers downward, which has been considered alternately an exquisite piece of classic art, a semi-pagan adaptation of Christianity, a sublime allegory, and nobody knows how many things besides; everything, indeed, except what it is, a pretty innocent fairy tale. What high interest it possesses is chiefly historic, as showing the change which had passed over the old mythology; how utterly it had lost its stateliness, and become

degenerate. There is absolutely nothing classic about it, except the names. The old gods and goddesses appear upon the scene, but they are shorn of their glory; and if they were no more to the other minds of the times than they were to Apuleius, it is easy to see that they were near their end. In Cupid and Psyche they are something between the genii of the East, and the fairies of modern Europe. It is certainly very curious to see that both these forms of the supernatural had begun to show themselves at so early an age; but the attempt to combine them with classicism is unsuccessful, and almost offensive. The old flesh and blood reality clings in association to the old names of Venus and of Jupiter, and it is impossible to invest them either with the vague and shadowy grandeur of the genii, or with the young, fresh, romantic beauty of the elves and fairies; consequently not all the power of Apuleius can raise the story into high art. It is very pretty, and that is all. A few ages after it was written, East and West parted. In language, in literature, in government, in religion, each went its own far diverging way, and the elements which appear here united separated finally. The larger or narrative portion of the 'Golden Ass,' became determinately European; but Cupid and Psyche remained in the East (where, perhaps, in germ, Apuleius had found it), and there it grew up in its own congenial element into the story with which we are all familiar in the 'Arabian Nights,' of 'the two sisters who were jealous of their younger sister;' with its black stones on the mountain side, its golden water, its singing tree, and its talking bird. The Arabian version, in our opinion, is more beautiful than that of Apuleius, because it has shaken off the classic inharmonious framework, and the spirit has passed into a body, which suits it better.

But we must again protest strongly against such a pretty story being mistaken for an allegory. Sir George Head seems to think it means the 'soul's pilgrimage,' and that it was borrowed from Christianity. But he has been led astray by the name of Psyche, by the names of the attendants of Venus, and by the allegoric shape of the plot; the poor lady being conducted through Tartarus to an after blessedness. For this shape or shell, if Christianity had been the only speculative system then existing which could have provided him with it, he might have borrowed it from Christianity; but the age was full of such 'soul's pilgrimages.' Allegory, in such a barren time, was the highest living form of art; and every Gnostic and every Platonic system had its own version, more or less beautiful, of the same thing. Doubtless Apuleius had been bored with hundreds of them, when at school at Athens; and being the sort of person to whom such ways of looking at life would be utterly distaste-

ful, he took the form which he found, and laid out his art to put a little human beauty into it. If he had intended anything mystical in the theologic sense, he would not have been at such pains to impoverish the dignity of his divinities; and it is likely that in putting the story into the mouth of an old hag in a robber's cave, he was intending a wanton satire on the philosophers in their didactic Cothurnus.

We have a parallel to Cupid and Psyche, of a really mystic kind, in the myth of the Valentinian Sophia, which indeed looks very much like another adaptation of the same substantial legend. Sophia, like Psyche, inspired with Eros, conceives an immortal spirit; but a similar curiosity, similarly fatal, ruins her offspring and ruins herself; and an exile from her home and her love, she wanders mournfully round the gate of the Pleroma.

But as we said, such a sort of working is out of character with Apuleius. Apuleius was a good-humoured, worldly-minded wit; full fed, rosy, and self-indulgent, with as slight a notion of the Infinite as might be; a kind, healthy laughter at the follies of his brother mortals; and as to spirituality with a sort of semi-perception of the beautiful, which in happier times might have grown to something, but which, as it was, served only for the ornament or the amusement of his idle hours.

Still less is it necessary to agree with the translator that he hated Christianity, and satirized it in the person of the old baker's wife. The Fathers of the fourth and fifth century may have thought so, but critical ability was not their most distinguishing characteristic, and their criticism does not go for much. The single evidence against him is, that the woman is accused of slighting the Olympian gods, and of worshipping *one* God, whom she pretended was the only one. But why may she not have been a Jew? a vagabond Jew, of which there were hundreds of thousands scattered up and down the world? far more likely this than a Christian. The latter commonly being considered Atheists, or Tritheists, or man-worshippers, anything but pure Theists.

Or why not a member of any one of those thousand sects of every conceivable profession which swarmed in every city and village? The educated gentlemen of the second century cared too little for Christianity to hate it, or to be nice in their scrutiny of it. *Hadrian*, on the whole a careful inquirer, in a statistical account of the various existing religions, classes Jews, Christians, and Egyptians, under a common head, as worshippers of Serapis; and Apuleius, if he had cared to cast a thought upon it, would have regarded it with the same indulgent pity with which an educated Englishman regards the obscure sects of fanatics in the far west of America.

But we will not quarrel with the translator on a question of detail; we will leave him rather with hearty thanks for his work, which, from the skill and humour with which it is executed, has evidently been a labour of love. On the whole, we doubt, considering the unfitness of Latin at its best for humorous writing, and how vile Apuleius's Latin is, whether this English version is not truer to the writer's idea than his own. He deserves particular praise, too, for the good sense which he has shown in dealing with the questionable passages. Clumsy translators omit, but show that they are omitting. Sir George Head covers up the vacancy—we read on and miss nothing. Whatever is really bad he has cleansed utterly out, and the book is all the better for it in every sense. In most of these passages there was no genuine humour, and their merit was their filth. For those readers whose taste lies that way, the Latin version remains as it was. In the English, only a very prurient imagination indeed will find anything to offend.

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- ART. VII.—1. *The Pope in the Nineteenth Century.* By Joseph Mazzini. London: C. Gilpin. 1851.
2. *Orations.* By Father Gavazzi. London: D. Bogue. 1851.
3. *Dealings with the Inquisition; or, Papal Rome, her Priests, and her Jesuits, with important Disclosures.* By the Rev. Giacinto Achilli, D.D., late Prior and Visitor of the Dominican Order, &c. &c. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co. 1851.
4. *The Authority of God; or, the true Barrier against Romish and Infidel Aggression.* Four Discourses, by the Rev. J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, D.D. Author's Complete Edition. London: Partridge and Oakey. 1851.
5. *The History of Church Laws in England, from A.D. 602 to A.D. 1850.* By Edward Muscutt. London: C. Gilpin. 1851.
6. *The Idol Demolished by its own Priest. An Answer to Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures on Transubstantiation.* By James Sheridan Knowles. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1851.
7. *Popish Infallibility. Letters to Viscount Fielding, on his Secession from the Church of England.* By Charles Hastings Collette. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co. 1850.

8. *Rome, its Temper and its Teachings. Six Lectures.* By George Henry Davis. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1851.
9. *Romanism and Congregationalism contrasted; or, the relative Aspect of their Polity, Teachings, and Tendencies.* By R. G. Milne, M.A. London: J. Snow. 1851.
10. *The Inquisition: its History, Influences, and Effects.* Fourth Thousand. *The Genius of Popery opposed to the Principles of Civil and Religious Liberty.* Dublin: P. Dixon; Hardy and Sons.
11. *The Idolatry of the Church of Rome Proved from Cardinal Wiseman's Third Lecture on the Catholic Hierarchy.* By George Barrow Kidd. London: Snow. 1851.
12. *The Bishop's Wife: a Tale of the Papacy.* Translated from the German of Leopold Schefer; with Historical Notice of the Life and Times of Hildebrand (Pope Gregory VII.), to which it relates. By Mrs. J. R. Stodart. London: John Chapman. 1851.
13. *The Female Jesuit; or, the Spy in the Family.* London: Partridge and Oakey. 1851.
14. *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds.* By John Ruskin, M.A., Author of the 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' &c. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1851.

WHATEVER may be the character or the workings of British legislation with regard to the Papacy, it is well understood in Europe generally that a great *theological* conflict has commenced between Roman Catholics and Protestants. The political excitement of last winter was only one manifestation of the strong Protestant feeling of our countrymen. The elements of that excitement remain; and we doubt not that the deeply-rooted antipathies of Englishmen to Popery in all its aspects, whether theological, ecclesiastical, or political, will be found to have been strengthened, beyond all calculation, by the discussions which some affect to deride as ludicrous, or to dread as fraught with peril. The literature of the question is rife and vigorous. Works of almost every description—historical, imaginative, argumentative, legal, poetical, hortatory—are teeming from the press and widely circulated. We have not been able to keep pace with such publications consistently with the Eclectic character of our Review; therefore we now address ourselves to such an examination as will enable us to do justice at once to the several writers, and to the large and vital principles with which we regard ourselves as identified.

The name of Mazzini has long been familiar to English readers

as the real strength of that Roman revolution which stood out so prominently amid the crowding marvels of 1848, and which, for the present, has been put down by the arms of Republican France. The pamphlet mentioned at the head of the above list is a reprint from his recent volume on 'Royalty and Republicanism in Italy,' containing the 'thoughts' which he addressed to the priests of Italy at sundry intervals since the year 1832. The party of which Mazzini is the chief ornament, has been stigmatized with the brand of infidelity and atheism, as well as accused of anarchy and political crimes. This is not a new device: it is as old as tyranny, as hoary as superstition—the normal description of the love of freedom from the lips of those who hate it. To repel so odious a charge, yet with the higher aim of expounding his religious convictions in his own words, the great Roman patriot again sends forth his printed 'Thoughts.' An examination of the dates will show that the late popular struggle in Italy has been, to a large extent, *a great religious question*. Its leaders did not wait for foreign sympathy to give utterance to the 'thought which is now subterraneously fomenting in the Italian masses.' They have, all along, proclaimed their Christian faith while contending for their national independence. We are glad that, in these pages, this truly magnificent writer should speak on this subject for himself.

'When young Italy raised her banner, now nearly twenty years ago, two elements predominated in Italy—superstition and materialism. Superstition was the habit of a part of the population, to which all light, all education was forbidden; which was led astray by a traditional religious sentiment, conceived in the narrowest spirit, and which, deprived of every motive of action, of all consciousness of the true life of citizens, clung with a kind of despair to a heaven little understood. Materialism was the natural reaction of those who had been able to emancipate themselves from the abject spectacle which religion offered, from the brutal yoke that it was wished to impose upon their intelligence. It was said to them, "*Believe all that we affirm*;" they replied by *denying* all. Luther compared the human mind to a drunken peasant upon horseback, leaning over on one side, and who falls on the other when you seek to set him upright. Many people have passed through a similar experience. Young Italy rejected at once, and equally, materialism and superstition. It declared, that in order to acquire the strength necessary to become a nation, Italy must emancipate herself at the same time from the old Catholic belief, and from the materialism of the eighteenth century. The first gave a pretended divine sanction to immobility; the second, dried up the sources of faith, and must necessarily end in destroying the idea of duty, and in leaving nothing for the object of human worship, but right and enjoyment. We wished to march with the world, as is the will of God, the life eternal. We did not wish to combat in order to conquer

the satisfaction of certain appetites, *panem et circenses*, but for something more elevated, the dignity, the sacred liberty of the human soul, its development in love, a mission upon earth for our own and for our brethren's good.

'It is not for me to give here an exposition of the complete doctrines of young Italy; but I hold it important to prove that our language to-day is the same as that of twenty years ago. We have never deviated from it. Now, as then, my predominating idea, and the vital thought of all our labours is this, a fatal separation has been established between religious and political belief, between heaven and earth; this is why we wander groping from one crisis to another, from convulsive movement to convulsive movement, without succeeding, without finding peace. It is necessary to unite earth to heaven, politics to the eternal principles which should direct them; nothing great or durable can be done without that GOD, religion; the PEOPLE, Liberty in Love; these two words, which, as individuals, we inscribed on our banner in 1831, and which afterwards—significant phenomenon—became the formula of all the decrees of Venice and of Rome, sum up all for which we have combated, all for which we will combat unto victory. The people of Italy instinctively comprehended this idea. Young Italy became rapidly powerful. A gradual transformation was effected in a portion of its enlightened youth, which became, I will not say the most devoted, but the most constant in devotion, to their country. Two or three years of struggle and suffering suffice to exhaust the strength when the inspiring sentiment is only one of reaction, of indignation against oppression; a whole life is not too much for the realization of a thought which seeks to reunite earth to heaven.'

We recommend this singularly earnest pamphlet to all who would form an accurate estimate of the views of the Papacy which prevail among the most enlightened, virtuous, and patriotic of the Italians. It is refreshing to witness the honest energy of a believing man tearing to tatters the flimsy pretensions of the 'Moderates' in that unhappy country. The blush of shame tingles on our cheek as we read his lamentation over the reception given to Italian refugees in England. Such of our countrymen as are alive to the perils now menacing our English liberties and our Protestant institutions, yet hear unmoved the shout of the great European battle of which Rome is the centre, would do well to ponder deeply the following sagacious and pregnant sentences:—

'There exists great agitation at the present moment in Protestant England, on account of the attempted encroachments of Catholicism. Think you that these attempts would have taken place if the people's banner were still floating at Rome? Think you that the Pope would have sent his Catholic hierarchy from Gaeta? Papacy excluded from Rome is, it is well known, Papacy excluded from Italy. Papacy excluded from Italy, is Papacy excluded from Europe. Place the Pope

at Lyons or Seville—he will no longer be Pope; he will only be a dethroned king.

* Protestantism has not understood this; there is so little remaining of the deep conviction, so little of the enthusiasm, which produced the Reformation, that before the great question in dispute at Rome, it assumed a sceptical position; it contented itself by asking whether such or such a man governing in that city belonged to one political school or another, whether he was a partizan of a system of terror or of justice; it entered into a polemic with respect to individuals; the *work*, the providential work, which was being accomplished there by instruments destined, whatever might be their character, to disappear the day after, completely escaped its notice. And when Austrians, Neapolitans, and Frenchmen, marched against Rome, it could not summon up sufficient courage to say, *Stop, a question of religious faith is there at issue, and we will not allow it to be decided by brute force.* And yet we gave it sufficient time to pronounce this prohibition.

* Protestantism has thus given to the world, I repeat it, a striking demonstration of want of power, of decay. It will expiate it bitterly, if it does not hasten to repair the mistake it has committed. Faith begets faith. You cannot expect that men should believe in yours, when they see that it does not furnish you with the consciousness of a right, or the feeling of a duty to fulfil. You have looked on with indifference whilst the *liberty of the human soul* was being crushed beyond your gates; you will be thought little worthy of defending it within. Faith is also wanting to the Pope; but he has something which replaces it in the eyes of the world: he has the audacity, the obstinacy, and the unscrupulous logic of his false principles. He attacks; you fortify yourselves for defence: he advances ever with the continuous motion of the serpent; you move in fits and starts under the impulse of fear: he says, *servitude for all*; you say, *liberty for us alone*. You will not have it, or rather, you already have it not. You are slaves by all the slavery of your brethren. Hence it is that your contracted inspiration no longer fecundates the soul of men. There is no religion without faith in the solidarity of the human race.'

It would have been strange if the hard struggle for *religious* freedom in Italy had been exempted from the conditions which—by some apparent law of human progress—have ever embarrassed, for a longer or a shorter time, the emancipation of our race from falsehood by truth, and from wrong by right. There has been no such exemption. Men of narrow, weak, or timid mind, are too apt to look at such accompaniments. Souls of nobler temper set them down to their true account. While sore at heart for the temporary dishonour with which such incidents can cloud the most sacred undertakings, they still can fix their regards on the *grand principles* which not even the basest associations can tempt them to desert. Thus it is with this brave and high-minded Italian.

* A mighty question is now being agitated in Europe, between the

principles which have divided the world since its creation; and these two principles are, liberty and authority. The human mind desires to progress according to its own light; not by favour of concession, but by virtue of the law of its own life. Authority says to it, *Rest where thou art. I alone strike the hour of the march; when I am silent, everything should rest, for all progress which is accomplished without me, and beyond me, is impious.* The human mind interrogates itself; it feels its own right and power; it finds that the germ of progress is in itself; that strength and right come to it from God, and not from an intermediate power coming between itself and God, as if charged to lead it. Hence springs revolt and resistance, and hence the anomalous situation of Europe. The conscience of the human race is struggling with tradition, which desires to enchain it; the future and the past dispute for the collective life of humanity, and for that of the individual. Every man who in these struggles—ever stifled, yet ever re-appearing—in this series of manifestations and violent repressions, which have constituted European history for two-thirds of a century, sees only the action of some turbulent factions, or the result of some accidental or material causes, as a deficit, a famine, a secret conspiracy, or cabinet intrigue—understands nothing of the facts of history, nothing of the laws of which, by these facts, history becomes the expression. And he who, in the great question of the suffrage, of proletarian emancipation, and of nationality, sees nothing but the subjects of political discussion, having no connexion with the religious idea, with the providential development of humanity, understands neither man nor God, and degrades to the proportions of a pigmy intelligence a battle of giants, of which the stake is a step in advance in the universal education of mankind, or a step backwards towards the world which we had believed to have ended with the middle ages.

‘Between the two great armies which sustain the combat, marauders, free-corps, have undoubtedly introduced themselves, and falsified its character; between the two doctrines represented in the two camps, a multitude of exaggerations, of dangerous utopias, of false and immoral philosophies, have come to throw trouble and alarm in men’s minds.

‘It matters little. The real question remains as I have stated it. All these irregular, Cossack-like movements will disappear, as the sharpshooters of an army when the hour arrives for the masses to begin to move. It matters little, also, for what I now desire to say, whether the struggle ought to be, as some imagine, the absolute abolition of the principle of authority, and the pure and simple enthronement of liberty; or whether, as I believe, the future holds in reserve a great *collective* religious manifestation, in which the two terms, liberty and authority, tradition and individual conscience, will both be recognised as essential elements to the normal development of life; and, harmonizing together in one whole, will be at once the safeguard of belief and progress. What is certain is, that transformation implies death, and that the new authority can never be founded until after the complete overthrow of that which now exists.’

We presume, from many passages in the pamphlet, from the preface of which alone we have extracted the foregoing para-

graphs, that the writer means by '*authority*,' that only which is human. Being Protestants ourselves, and holding the principles of the Reformation as glorious manifestations of the truth of God, we should be glad to see the Italians like what we wish ourselves to be; yet we cannot refuse our sympathy with the *feeling* of an Italian patriot, when he closes his noble preface in these words:—

'We have sometimes been asked if, when once emancipated, we should proclaim ourselves Protestants. It is not for individuals to reply. The country, free to interrogate itself, will follow the inspirations which God will send it. Religion is not a matter of contract; and those who address such a question to us can have but little faith in that which they profess to believe to be the truth. For myself, I would not bargain, even for the liberty of my country, by profaning my soul with falsehood. But this, with my hand upon my heart, I can answer to them: Catholicism is dead. Religion is eternal. It will be the soul—the thought of the new world. Every man bears an altar in his own heart, upon which, whenever he invokes it in purity, enthusiasm, and love, the truth of God descends. Conscience is sacred; it is free. But truth is one; and faith may anticipate the time when, from the free conscience of enlightened men, beneath the truth of God, shall be given forth a religious harmony, more mighty, more potent in love and life, than any to which humanity has yet lent ear. But in order that the death of Catholicism may be revealed to men, the air must circulate freely, and reach, in order to destroy, the corpse which stands as yet erect. In order that man may invoke with purity, enthusiasm, and love, the truth of God, he must be emancipated from a state which teaches him immorality, egotism, hatred, and mistrust. And in order that truth may triumph over error, it must be free to proclaim itself in the full light of day. This consummation we can offer in exchange for the support which we demand.'

According to our English and Protestant conceptions, we should interpret this Italian dream of a grand religious future in a manner somewhat different from Mr. Mazzini and his compatriots. At any rate, we feel called upon to say that we can conceive of no condition of humanity so favourable to the full vital development of Christianity as that of perfect national independence and political and social freedom. Man's submission to authority—even to the authority of divine revelation—has no dignity and no value in our eyes, excepting as it is enlightened and free, rendered heartily in the presence of a sufficient reason, and not constrained in any degree whatever by earthly force. We can trust the gospel in the hands of its Divine Author. Believing that he intends it for universal man, and that they preach it most truly and effectively who, like the apostles, commend themselves 'to every man's conscience in the sight of God by the manifestation of the truth,' all we ask for it in Italy, or in

England, or in any land, is, that it may be 'free to proclaim itself in the full light of day.' And it is for this reason, pre-eminently, that, instead of staying, just now, to catechize these confessors of Italian freedom on particular points of faith, we would give unfettered currency to their passionate breathings for the emancipation of their down-trodden and priest-ridden people.

Our readers will find in this pamphlet noble principles expressed in the noblest words, flowing in a hot stream of scalding eloquence; and we earnestly advise them to read it till its living truths and thundering appeals shall move their souls, as they have moved our own, to the very depths.

The 'Orations' of Father Gavazzi have now, for many months, been creating a new sensation in this great metropolis of human freedom. It is a happy—if not proud—feeling for Englishmen, that our country is the *Thermopylæ* of the great battle of mankind. Here is an Italian priest, whom Pio Nono encouraged as the popular missionary of Italian patriotism, by appointing him chaplain-general of the forces, consisting of volunteers and national guards; who kindled the national spirit by his fervid oratory in the Pantheon and the Coliseum at Rome, at Vicenza, Venice, and at Florence; whom the Grand Duke of Tuscany expelled from his dominions, but whom the Bolognese restored in triumph; who distinguished himself by his humanity not less than by his courage and eloquence during the siege of Rome by the French; who, when Rome surrendered, after terrific displays of bravery, received from the French general an honourable testimonial and safe conduct; and who has found a quiet resting-place for his fiery spirit in the heart of busy London. A few of his brother exiles, determined to hear in England the manly voice which had cheered them on in their ill-fated struggles at home, hired a room for the purpose, where he has continued, since the beginning of this year, to electrify crowded and intelligent audiences by strains of eloquence surpassing anything that we have ever witnessed. He is a large, burly man, with a voice of wonderful power and compass, wielding a perfect mastery of his melodious language in every department of narrative, argumentative, sarcastic, vehement, and scornful rhetoric. Clothed in the black serge habit of a Barnabite monk, with the tricolour cross on his breast, he assumes, in a seemingly natural manner, which we judge to be the fruit of most elaborate culture, a variety of tone and of gesture which unites all the perfections of delivery attained at the bar, or in the senate, on the popular platform, in the pulpit, or on the stage. We should suppose that such a mighty agitator would be regarded by the best friends of Roman freedom as likely to injure the cause so

dear to them by the scorching force of his terrible denunciations, and as needing all the wisdom of cooler men to prevent his kindling a conflagration which would destroy more of the precious than of the vile; and we have reason for believing that such are the views entertained of him by Mazzini, while amply testifying to the singleness of his aim and the real value of his labours. We confess, that in listening to his unparalleled harangues, our hearts have burned with many remembrances of classic Rome, and have well-nigh bled to think that such a man—the type of a large portion of the younger Italian clergy—is banished from his beautiful country to seek a scanty living by teaching Englishmen to understand and speak the most musical of modern tongues!

It is scarcely possible to render even a tolerable account of his 'Orations.' The English reports of them, which appeared in successive numbers of the 'Daily News,' are here reprinted in a small pamphlet. They are necessarily imperfect. Yet they bring out the strong points. At any rate, they put the English reader in possession of the substance, and occasionally of the graphical and felicitous phrases with which they abound, and which produce so thrilling an effect upon his audience. There is scarcely a corruption or abomination of the Papacy which he does not hold up to the blasting hatred of mankind. We have space for only one extract.

'Do I seek to convert Englishmen to the Papal religion, such as it now stinks in the nostrils of mankind? Heaven keep me from any wish of the sort! Men of England, keep your Christianity—hug it to your bosoms—fling it not away for the embrace of the degraded harlot that flaunts her faded finery in the twilight of the human understanding, but in the rays of the sun of intellect is but a loathsome aggregate of abominable imposture. When the religion of Italy resumes a purified aspect—when the handmaid of God is again seen as in the days when she won your hearts—in the days of the great Gregory and the monk Austin—then hail her as of old, but not till then. Better far your Anglican creed, and its simple Liturgy, and its unsophisticated morality, and its plain downright enmity to soul-destroying delusions; better cling to your homely creed, than adopt, in its present deformity, the jumble of incoherencies throned on the Seven Hills. Maniacs are found in connexion with that system, such as it now exhibits its repugnant features to the world, who talk of the conversion of England. God help the silly creatures! Gregory the Great converted Britain; but how, and when? That great pontiff, adored by his flock, himself a mirror of every graceful attribute that adorns humanity and elevates the hero into the saint—a guide and pioneer of all that promotes human progress and civilized life—sent to your shores an humble, virtuous monk, with a few poor attendants, meek, learned, and austere

—craving not the luxuries and pomps of a pampered priesthood, but laborious teachers of the poor, and unassuming expounders of the New Testament. Who *sends*, and who *are sent* now on the errand of conversion? Who sends? I will tell you. An empty-headed and hollow-hearted egotist, whose vanity is only equal to his imbecility, and who has earned the scorn and detestation of the three millions of Italian men over whom, by a curse of Providence, and the aid of French twenty-four pounders, he exercises his abhorred tyranny—a pastor, forsooth, of the Roman flock, who has fulfilled to the letter the scriptural sketch of the mercenary shepherd to whom the sheep do not by right belong. The mercenary, or “the hireling, when he sees the wolf approach flees away” in the best disguise he can, even that of a footman, “because he is a hireling;” but the good shepherd, instead of causing thousands of his flock to be massacred on his account, and for his selfish purposes, lays down his own life (not to say a crown that he has no right to), rather than expose to peril a single lamb of the fold. Such is the character who *sends* to convert England—to convert free-born men to his allegiance—allegiance to a ruler brought over the gory ramparts of bombarded Rome, to sit in sullen and detested supremacy amid the ruins of the press, of the electoral franchise, freedom of speech, free tribunals, and free thought. Such is the European Juggernaut before which your England is called on to bow, and let the wheels of his bloody car roll over your souls! Such being the sender, *whom has he sent?* At the head of his missionaries comes a man with sufficient learning to expound his Bellarmine and his Breviary, and sufficient ability to explain how the laws of your land may be violated with impunity; whose meekness is manifested by a haughty edict from the “Flaminian gate,” and who, instead of the humbly shod yet beautiful feet of those who, in all humility, bring the gospel of peace, flaunts before the eyes of the barbaric tribes who are supposed to be the aborigines of this island, a pair of red silk stockings—a man who dreams more of “enthronizations” than the poor of Christ—whose thoughts are about a well-stocked wine-cellar and weekly *conversazioni*—a man *dominans in cleris*—an overbearing tendency already marked in Scripture as the characteristic of false Churchmen; more studious of the paltry homage which he can exact from the feeble and notoriously degenerate aristocracy of his flock, than of the state in which the back slums of Westminster are, and will long remain, under such care-taking; with his pockets full of Austrian and Neapolitan certificates, and a warrant, no doubt, from his master to superintend and report the proceedings of the Italian exiles in London. Under his guidance, England is to be converted, by a number of Oxford deserters, enrolled and drilled at Rome for this particular forlorn hope, and full of the reckless desperado bravery of men who have abjured their nationality, and can only thrive in the lowering of their country. But I trust both the sender and the sent will fail in their crusade against the English Church. I belong not to it; but I wish it triumphant at present; in its endurance, and that of other dissenting creeds, I see the only hope and chance of a thorough reform of the Christianity of Italy. When that blessed consummation takes

place, as by God's blessing it soon will, then welcome, my English friends, to a junction with us ; until then, keep aloof, in God's name ; you only do us harm by your premature adhesion. The English character is so unsuspecting and confiding, that ye would become the dupes of our crafty Churchmen, and they would make use of you, as they do now, to rivet our chains and perpetuate their impostures. None so ready to adopt the most ridiculous and irrational practices and theories of pseudo-Catholicity as your English neophyte in his soft-hearted fervour. Hence the mischief of English sympathy, and the inconceivable nuisance of their joining us at the present juncture. Keep aloof from the Church of Pio Nono, men of England, who listened to the voice and welcomed the envoys of the great Gregory ! That voice may be heard again, and missionaries worthy of Italian faith and civilization may again present themselves on the coast of Kent to claim brotherhood and Christian union in the name of regenerated Catholicity. But, until that hour of deliverance, keep aloof ; while, with uplifted hands I call on you, in the name of our common Redeemer, to join your strength with ours in the effort to deprecate, denounce, and demolish the accumulated abuses of the Popedom.'

We are concerned to present these Italian views of the Papacy at the present time, as showing how far they agree, and, also, how far they do *not* agree with our own, in order that our readers, perceiving at once both the agreement and the difference, may be prepared for the new duties which the coming times are likely to bring upon us, both as Englishmen and as Protestants. We confess to a feeling of deep seriousness, yet as far as possible removed from fear, in the prospect before us. It is our desire that this feeling may pervade the minds of our countrymen. We pray God to fit us all for an enlightened, calm, and believing conflict, not only with the aggressions of a usurping power, but with the fascinating illusions of an unscriptural theology. While we would not suffer our theological beliefs to shut up our sympathies from the earnest struggles of Italian Catholics for the reforms which they believe to be due to the civilization of the age, neither would we suffer our social sensibilities to blind us to the errors, as we deem them, of the purified Romanism for which they are contending.

To the men of Italy we are ready to afford whatever aid they can derive from the expression of English sympathy with their demand for religious freedom. We know something about that warfare. Our own liberties have not fallen upon us, wet with the dews of royal favour, or from the cornucopia of sacerdotal benediction : we owe their continuance, as well as their conquest, to the stout hearts and lusty arms of men, to whom these liberties are dearer than wealth or life. But we have positive religious principles which we hold to be '*the truth*,' and these principles are opposed to the very constitution of the Roman

Church, whether under Gregory the Great or Pius the Ninth ; to the crosier of the bishop, as well as to the tiara of the pontiff ; to the hierarchy as well as to the court ; to the doctrines, no less than the corruptions, of this assumed Catholicism.

We go all the length of Father Gavazzi in his denunciations of the abuses which call forth his withering invective ; but we look for something more calmly scriptural, more vitally evangelical in the labours by which Catholicity is to be regenerated in Italy, and entitled to the fellowship of British Christians.

The third Italian in our series differs widely from both the other two. Dr. Achilli has been brought much before the British public. His imprisonment at Rome—his deliverance by the French authorities at the instance of Lord Normanby, and in compliance with the representations of the Evangelical Alliance—the attack of the *Dublin Review*—the partial refutation of the charges contained in that publication by Mr. Tonna—the subsequent discussions between Dr. Achilli's English friends and the committee of the Malta College—and the promised answer of Dr. Achilli to the accusations of his enemies—all this would require a degree of attention which we cannot here bestow, though we have no motive for hesitating to give our judgment when the entire case is ripe for examination. At present our business is with this book, and we shall deal with it as the testimony of a true and upright witness. Gavazzi speaks of him as a 'persecuted and ill-used man.' We hope he will be able thoroughly to clear himself from the filthy aspersions of the *Dublin Review*. Whether his abettors in England are perfectly correct in their estimate of his proceedings in connexion with the Malta College or not, we have not learned that even those who differ from them in that matter have expressed any doubts of his fidelity in the writing of the book before us.

Though not mixed up with the secular politics, Dr. Achilli availed himself of the political aspirations of his countrymen, in which he warmly sympathized, to press his own convictions of the Papal corruptions in religion, and diligently employed his time in circulating the Scriptures and religious tracts, privately appealing to the consciences of the patriots, and holding meetings in Rome during the excitement of the revolution. For this work, and not for any political movement, he was thrown into the prison of the Inquisition. To justify the outrage, imputations against his moral character, amounting to a charge of murder in former years, were alleged. To these calumnious charges, answers were obtained and given by his friends before his dismissal from the Castle of St. Angelo. An account of his imprisonment and deliverance was set forth by Sir Culling E. Eardley in London last year, and a brief sketch of his life was

published in Dublin. On these publications, a writer in the Dublin Review (currently believed to be Dr. Wiseman), drew up a 'Brief Sketch of the Life of Dr. Giacinto Achilli,' which was reprinted, with additions and corrections. Of the transactions with the Inquisition in 1849, all the writer of that Review says is, 'The history of his imprisonment, and his escape by connivance of the French authorities, belong not to this place.' The open design of the writer was to blast the moral character of the rescued victim of the Inquisition. It bears, on the face of it, the impress of a systematic and deliberate tissue of falsehoods, and breathes throughout the cold sneering spirit with which the slaves of the Papacy have ever stabbed the reputations of men who have renounced its authority, and exposed its villanies. To a portion of this detestable pamphlet, two replies have been published by Dr. Achilli's friend, Mr. Tonna; and we are now awaiting a full answer from Dr. Achilli himself, which we understand he is preparing for the press.

The volume now before us, 'Dealings with the Inquisition,' is a miscellaneous collection of narratives, conversations, and letters, which will be read with deep interest by all who are concerned to become acquainted with the workings of that accursed institution in the nineteenth century. The personality of the whole, which is not exactly to our own taste, gives it an air of truthfulness which commends the sincerity of the author, even to those who might doubt his prudence, or be offended by his egotism. Perhaps it should be said, in justice to him, that the position in which he has been placed is peculiar, and the *eclat* which attended his appearance in England after his escape may go far to account for the blemishes of the volume, without imputing more than the ordinary vanity of men who have been forced into *situations* and paraded as confessors for the truth.

It is no small consolation for us to know that, with whatever imperfections mingled, there is a large body of thoughtful and earnest men in Italy, especially in Rome, who sympathize in their hearts with those exiles. The tragedy of freedom, in that classic land, has surely not yet come to an end. The ashes of the conflagration are not cold, but smouldering; and we must express the hope that, under happier auspices and in better days, not far distant, they will be re-kindled to a hotter flame, in which all the abominations of the Papacy, of every kind, will be finally consumed.

With these Italian views of the Papacy, let us now, briefly, compare those of other nations, and, most emphatically, our own.

'Dr. Merle d'Aubigné is almost naturalized among us as a writer, and enjoys a wide and well-deserved popularity. He has

received the rights of literary citizenship. While in France, not more than four thousand copies of his 'History of the Reformation' were in circulation; when he published the fourth volume, nearly two hundred thousand copies were sold in the English language. We shall be glad to find that the demand for that work increases; for we know of few books so thoroughly imbued with the evangelical spirit of the Reformation, or so likely, by the graphic force and beauty of the story, to fill the reader's mind with enlightened abhorrence of the superstition which darkens the whole hemisphere of human life. These 'Discourses' on the Testimony of God—The Testimony of Men—The Testimony of History—and the Testimony of Theology, were occasioned by the propounding of some peculiar views of the Inspiration of the Scriptures by M. Sherer, lately one of the professors in the Theological Institute at Geneva, of which Dr. Merle is the president. They are published in this country, with a preface designed to show that 'the authority of the Scriptures' is the one barrier against both the Roman and the German invasions with which England is now threatened—the hierarchism of the former and the infidelity of the latter. They are very able discourses, and cannot be read without much advantage. The Introduction contains some wholesome lessons for 'the English bishops,' and some lessons, equally wholesome (and likely to be better received, we apprehend), for us all. We recommend the volume to our readers as pregnant with serious truths and seasonable suggestions.

Mr. Muscutt's 'History of Church Laws in England,' is a work to which we should have been glad to devote more space than we can now command. It consists of five chapters, and embraces the early history of Christianity in Britain, and the various kinds of Church Law, arranged chronologically, and divided into three classes, as they relate to things civil, things spiritual, and to things partly civil and partly spiritual. The writer has made ample use of Johnson's 'Collection of Ecclesiastical Laws,' Keble's compilation of the Statutes, and the collection published by the Commissioners of Public Records. We do not profess to have compared this volume with the authorities from which it is drawn; nor have we sufficient legal lore to judge whether the construction put on canons, statutes, and usages, is in every instance the right one. Its chief value, as it appears to us, lies in the distinctness with which the several laws are placed before the reader in the exhibition of the gradual, but provokingly slow development of sound principles in a country growing up towards perfect freedom; in the facilities which it offers for the prosecution of more minute inquiry; and—as pertinent to our present subject—in the records of the supremacy of the English monarchy, and the denunciation of the Pope's

usurpations in statutes of this realm from the reign of Edward the First, and by prescription from time immemorial, of which prescription Sir Edward Coke has said, it '*doth prevail against express canon.*' We offer Mr. Muscutt our thanks for this well-timed publication, and heartily concur in the free and noble sentiments with which he has relieved the dryness inseparable from his undertaking. The reader will be edified in seeing what a questionable blessing, to use gentle words, the whole system of ecclesiastical laws has been, and continues to be ; and while he will be slow to admit the encroachments of the ancient enemy at Rome, he will not be less slow in helping forward the good work of destroying all that yet remains of the spirit of that enemy among ourselves.

Nothing has struck us more vividly, and, we may add, more pleasingly, than the diversity of aspects in which the Papacy is regarded, by the writers whose productions are named at the head of this article, and the diversity of talent elicited in dealing with it. Mr. Sheridan Knowles's volume, as might be expected from his former success in other walks of literature and art, is a tremendous cutting up of Cardinal Wiseman's '*Lectures on Transubstantiation.*' He convicts the Council of Trent of complicated falsehood ; tears to rags the sophistries, misinterpretations, incoherencies, fictitious distinctions, casuistries, suppressions, and crafty subterfuges, of the reverend lecturer ; and marches through the whole question with an energy that never rests. We should have liked the book better if it had been divided into chapters ; three hundred and eight pages are rather too much to read off at a breath. We think, further, that the uniform *tension* of the style is a disadvantage. Perhaps less of the triumphant tone which sounds in the title page, and rings through the whole letter, would be more suitable to readers who are open to conviction, or who desire to have the grounds of convictions already held explained to them so as to guard them from the subtleties of Roman teachers. We have, however, no wish to disparage a work of so much intellectual power ; and we are thankful to see so bright and fervid a spirit consecrated to the high service of religious truth.

Mr. Davis's '*Six Lectures on the Temper and Teachings of Rome*' present a wise selection of topics, skilfully arranged, and discussed with much ability and great Christian temper. Among the inquiring men of our working-classes we hope it will have many readers. They will find much food for thought in it. While we say this, let none of our readers imagine that it is low praise. We intend it for the contrary. The author will understand us in that sense.—Mr. Milne's contrast of Romanism with Congregationalism is admirable.—Mr. Collette's Letters to

Lord Fielding appeared, partly, in the 'Historic Times.' They take up, very closely, all the points disputed between Romanists and Protestants, with special reference to the supposed claim of infallibility, and deserve to be read by as many as desire to see these topics handled briefly and in a popular strain.

We have some difficulty in characterising Mr. Ruskin's remarkable pamphlet, with its strange title. It will be read, we doubt not, with much attention by not a few; and it deserves it. We admire the boldness and freedom; we agree with a large portion of its statements and explanations; from others we have only to express our dissent; yet we prize it highly as displaying the independent action of a powerful, ingenuous, and cultivated mind in the handling of questions which too many Protestants agree with all Roman Catholics in considering as settled long ago by competent authorities. There is a vitality—a spontaneity in the thoughts, and there is a brilliant freshness in the language, which we cherish as quite a treat in these days of dogmatism and stereotyped profession. He is neither a Romanist nor a Puseyite, nor a Low Churchman, nor a Dissenter; though he will find more sympathy in the latter class than in any of the rest.

Mr. Kidd's tract on 'The Idolatry of the Church of Rome' is a powerful *argumentum ad hominem*, and merits serious perusal for its lofty and indignant scorn of the blasphemous pretensions put forth by that apostate body.

The 'Bishop's Wife' is a thrilling and romantic German tale, which, though violating the proprieties of history, works powerfully on the household feelings against the compulsory celibacy of the Roman clergy.

The 'Female Jesuit' is a marvellous story of a hoax played on the family of a Dissenting minister in London, by a clever French girl. We believe the narrative to be authentic. It is well written, and will fill the reader with strange thoughts; yet we are not sure that the writer will convince him of the soundness of the conclusion which is assumed in the title.

We have now made good, we think, our assertion of the varied aspects of the Papacy, and of the varied kinds of ability, which are exhibited by these numerous publications. We have grouped them together, not for convenience merely, but on a principle; and the principle is this:—we have wished to show at one glance the several modes of treating that question, which is to the Italians a question of national life, and to the English a question of holding fast, or giving up, the spiritual freedom, and the political independence for which our forefathers have been fighting for a thousand years. We stand by Protestantism, at all hazards. To us it is the safeguard of all our liberties, the symbol of all our rights, the seed-plot of all the noble thoughts

and noble deeds, and noble institutions which make it our boast before the world, and our hymn of praise to God, that England is our home. Such a home, perfected by the full development of all the truths of which Protestantism is the defence, we would leave to our children, a fairer inheritance than that bequeathed to us by those whose sepulchres we revere. And to the men of all nations now gathering in peaceful emulation on our shores we would say—study these principles; make them your own; and may the lands you live in be as free, as enlightened, and as glorious as the island to which we have invited you, and where we give you the warmest welcome of our English hearts.

It is apparent, from the number and the character of the books which we have been reviewing, that *the great question* of Europe has taken hold of men's minds with a power and vitality unknown in former days. Without dipping into the troubled waters of prophetic controversy, we may safely affirm our persuasion that the days of the great apostasy are numbered, and are drawing more nearly to their close than its vassals, or even its foes, imagine. The Papacy, which is the culminating point of a system having many ramifications, reminds us of a huge rock, thrown up by repeated convulsions of society, and increased by numberless deposits from the stream of ages. On this rock birds of nearly every wing have built their nests, and have unwittingly deposited in its ancient, or modern, cracks the seeds of noble trees. The seeds, fed by the dews and sunlight of heaven, have been giving signs of life, from time to time, by throwing off successive fragments of the rock. Still that rock lifts its head on high, covered with verdure, and tempting fruits, and singing-birds, mistaken by millions of human wanderers for the defence of all that is good on earth, and the only ascent to heaven. Yet, as we believe, in its secret bosom the vital power of the trees which have been rooted there for ages is growing, and ere long will split the whole mass into a thousand fragments, and will shed the blessings of truth, freedom, civilization, and religion, on soils made fertile by the ruins. The men of northern Europe may have been tempted by the speculations of philosophy, or the practical complicities of politics, to lose sight, in appearance, of the ancient quarrel with Rome. But their philosophies, however abstruse, and, to our blunt English understanding, like airy nothings, are slowly preparing a generation that will defy the Papacy as an insult to their reason, an incubus on their liberty, and, as we hope, a deadly enemy to their spiritual religion. Old England is sound at the core, loving liberty too well to be otherwise than jealous of her most subtle and malignant adversary, renewing her youth like an eagle, and nursing her intelligence and her energy for doing battle against the Papacy after a

fashion for which Europe is not prepared, and with a force which makes the grand delusion shiver in its dotage. We cannot suppose that the noble spirits of France will long succumb to the reproach of crushing a republic by republican armies in support of tyranny and priestcraft; and we will not despair of seeing, hereafter, such a moral demonstration on behalf of universal religious liberty by regenerated France as will cast that dark reproach into oblivion. The jealousies that now haunt every capital in Europe are not without significance. Leghorn is the centre of unquiet movements. The tranquillity of Piedmont is the calm of a volcano in the hot hours that come before the eruption, and the signs are neither few nor feeble that cast before them the shadows of the events at hand; the bishops, the archbishops, the Sardinian government, and the Pope, are playing a deep game; Protestants are not inactive nor unsuccessful in the dissemination of wholesome principles; and the Abbé Maurette is denouncing the Pope not less earnestly in Italy than Mazzini, Gavazzi, and Achilli, are denouncing him in England. Even at Rome there is an amount of hatred towards the Papal government, which the terrific military executions on the Piazza del Popolo may for a time suppress, only to rebound with a spring which will not be resisted. Nor will the gathering of exiles in our own capital, lawful, peaceful, and harmless though it be, end in seeing sights and listening to harangues. Italians have taught us much in letters and in arts. They will learn from their study of our history, of our institutions, and of our men, *that wise love of liberty* which can wait with patience, nerving, in the silence of hope, the courage which neither armies nor priests will venture to arouse. And, while they learn these lessons, they will expand our insular ideas, bring us within the spell of a broad European sympathy, imbue us with a sense of the sacredness of national independence in Italy as well as England, and enlist our manliness and our Protestantism on behalf of brothers panting to be as free as ourselves.

We mean well to the progress of revealed truth, no less than to the social interests of Europe, when we exhort our readers to keep their eyes intently fixed on Rome. The political atmosphere is not without its portents in that quarter. There are, likewise, busy agencies surrounding the Seven Hills, which appeal to our devoutest affections as Protestant believers. The contrast of Rome with London—of the Papal government with our own—of the stern persecution of all religious inquiry *there*, with the cheerful liberality that so courteously respects every shade of belief and every form of worship *here*, will not be lost upon the thoughtful visitors of London at the present season. They will worship in a crystal temple with unwonted freedom. The

fearlessness of either sceptred or mitred tyrants is too sweet a feeling to be forgotten ; and they will pray for its enjoyment beneath the blue sky of Italy as under the clouds that canopied them in England. And we can do very much to help them. We *can* show them that our Protestantism is not a national hatred of foreign priests, but a loving reverence for the one High Priest of Christianity ; a brotherly regard for every man of every land ; a bright and spreading life ; a holy and generous zeal for the true, the free, the catholic in all things, and most of all in the crown and ornament of all things—the religion which centres in the Cross, and invites the human race to heaven. We *can* make it appear that the islanders whom they have been taught to hate as enemies, and to scorn as heretics, include among them men of large intelligence, of cultivated taste, of warm heart and manly speech ; and that we owe whatever they admire or emulate among us to our unfettered reading of the word of God. We *can* co-operate with the enlightened and earnest Protestants in Germany, in Switzerland, in France, and in Italy, who, by the preaching of the simple gospel, and the dissemination of the Scriptures, are doing a great work in a self-denying and laborious spirit, already undermining the Papacy both in its religious and its political aspects. We *can* keep the interests of Divine Truth before our minds, as infinitely transcending all lower aims, and as offering the only sure defence from the antagonist evils of tyranny and turbulence, of superstition and infidelity, of communism and mysticism, of pantheism in all its shapes, and priestcraft in all its wiles. We *can* unite with our most sturdy protests, and our most strenuous controversies, the prayer of faith and of love, joining our supplications with the cry of martyred spirits in heaven, and the yearnings of persecuted saints on earth, for the final downfall of the terrible abomination which has so long been trampling on men's souls with bitter scorn. All these things we *can* do. It remains to be seen whether we *will*. The days of barren speculation, and of egotistic strife for petty masteries, have passed away. The time has come for deep sincerity, calm purpose, unwearied action, union with all true men, and earnest sympathy with the plans of the Divine Conqueror of evil. We must listen to the trumpet-like summons of the heroic apostle : *'Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, QUIT YOUR LIKE MEN, BE STRONG ; let all your things be done with charity.'* Our reading should feed our thoughts. Our thoughts should embody themselves in deeds. Our deeds should be the deeds of masculine energy, chastened by meekness, guided by wisdom, aiming at grand results, and waiting for those results with the serene and joyous confidence inspired by the signs of the times and by the promises of God.

The dead sleep in their cold and silent mansions; yet 'from their urns' their spirits bid us work the work of the generation which is now passing on to the inheritance of rest. May sacred vows breathe from our hearts! May the 'burden and heat of the day' be borne by us with the diligence of faithful servants! And, when night shall fling her dew around us, and wrap us in her quiet bosom, may we leave to our sons a memory which they will 'not willingly let die,' but cherish as a watchword for holier doings, and for wiser warfare, in the days that are to shine on them!

Brief Notices.

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The Greek Septuagint Version of the Old Testament, according to the Vatican Edition; together with the real Septuagint of Daniel and the Apocrypha, including the Fourth Book of Maccabees, and an Historical Introduction. 8vo. London: S. Bagster and Sons.

It is not easy to over-estimate the value of the Septuagint to the Biblical critic. It performs an important office in relation to the Old Testament Scriptures, but its connexion with those of the New is still more intimate and obvious. The phraseology of the Septuagint is strikingly analogous to that with which we meet in the Gospels and Epistles. The *usus loquendi* of the two writings is in many respects similar; indeed, the resemblance is so marked—the traces of Hebrew elements are so visible—that it is impossible to avoid the conviction that the two classes of writings have a common origin, and are mutually illustrative of each other. So important is a knowledge of the Septuagint to the New Testament critic, that it would be well if some portion of the time allotted to classical Greek were devoted to a

minute analysis of the peculiarities of its style. Whatever facilitates this is matter for congratulation, and few things could do it more effectually than such publications as the one now before us. A portable and cheap edition of the Septuagint, printed from an accurate text, in a neat and clear type, was a desideratum, and that is now supplied by the Messrs. Bagster. To the many services rendered to Biblical literature they have added the production of a volume which needs only to be known in order to take the place—so far as the bulk of students are concerned—of all former editions.

The Messrs. Bagster have wisely adopted the Roman or Vatican edition, which has in truth become the basis of what may be regarded as the *Textus Receptus* of the Septuagint. This was printed in 1587, under the sanction of Pope Sixtus V., and has long been in general use 'as much amongst Protestants as amongst those who might feel bound by the Pope's decree.' The *real* text of Daniel is printed, which has long been supplanted by that of Theodotion, an Ebionite of the second century, whose version, however, is also given. In the Apocrypha the fourth book of Maccabees has been added to the three found in previous reprints of the Vatican. We need scarcely recommend such an edition to Biblical students. Their own interests, and the growing requirements of their vocation, will suffice to induce them immediately to procure it. We are glad to find that the Messrs. Bagster contemplate the publication of a selection of the various readings of the Septuagint. Such a work is much wanted, and will be of inestimable value.

The Royal Exchange and the Palace of Industry; or, the Possible Future of Europe and the World. In Three Parts. London: William Jones. 1851.

THIS very attractive volume will be recognised by large numbers of readers as embodying three discourses on the great Exhibition, lately delivered at the Weigh-house Chapel, by the Rev. Thomas Binney. The points which have been seized as central thoughts, are the rebuilding of the Royal Exchange, the opening of the Crystal Palace, and the inscription on the 'Royal Exchange,' selected by Prince Albert, and adopted by his Royal Highness as the motto for the 'Palace of Industry'—'THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S, AND THE FULNESS THEREOF.' The design of the work is expressed by the writer when he says that 'he intends, in the first part, to point out and illustrate the great primary religious truths which are involved in the announcement of the inscription itself. As it, however, is the first verse of a psalm, he purposes, in the second part, to look at it in connexion with the whole of the psalm, and at the psalm in connexion with the whole of Revelation, and thus to bring out and associate with the inscription additional ideas of both truth and duty. Then, supposing the whole sense of these truths and duties to be earnestly adopted and practically exemplified by all nations—by England herself, and by those to whom they will be virtually presented on their meeting together in the British metropolis—it is proposed, in the last part, to describe what, on such a supposition, would be the coming future of Europe and of the world.'

In the first part, which is 'Expository,' there is an historical introduction, followed by lucid and vigorous illustrations of 'The Divine Existence and Personality,' 'Creation,' and 'Providence.' In the second part, which is 'Inferential,' the writer treats of 'Worship,' 'Character,' and 'Christ.' The third part, after recapitulating the argument, discusses 'The religious anticipation of the Future, illustrated and justified by the hopes of social and political philanthropy; Universal Theism; universality of Christian Worship; the Scriptures will purify and restore the Church; Universal Virtue; Nationalities; Practical Suggestions.' In a Postscript, 'the Exhibition opened' is described so as 'to note a few things which were interesting or suggestive to the author's own mind, and especially such as were felt to be in harmony with the spirit and object of the present volume.' We notice this volume for the purpose of expressing our admiration of the plan and of its execution. The rich variety of singularly apt citations from Scripture, arranged with uncommon skill, like 'apples of gold in net-work of silver,' gives to these pages an inexpressible charm, which is nobly sustained by the large intelligence, the enlightened loyalty, the catholic devoutness, and the overflowings of a large and joyous heart, in healthy keeping with the magnificent occasion which has called them forth.

The Palace of Glass and the Gathering of the People. A Book for the Exhibition. London: W. Jones.

THIS is a very engaging book. We believe we are right in ascribing it to the pen of the Rev. J. Stoughton, of Kensington. With great ingenuity he compares the real 'Palace of Glass' with the vision of 'Chaucer's Dream' of a structure 'all of glass' on an island, under the sovereignty of a beautiful lady, who becomes wedded to a royal knight, and celebrates a festival 'in tents on a large plain,' amidst a wood between a river and a well, 'continuing for three months.' After the 'Poet's Dream' come 'Contrasts between the Past and Present—Voices of Hope and Warning—Associations Secular and Sacred—Beneficial Results, Probable and Possible—Lessons, Pertinent and Practical.' While the writer's 'hopes decidedly predominate over his fears,' and he paints in glowing colours the happy auguries of the 'unprecedented spectacle' of 'the opening, he is not insensible to the moral danger inseparable from so vast and promiscuous a concourse from all nations.' If the young and inexperienced, when they visit the metropolis under common circumstances, need to be on their guard against the designs of the profligate and unprincipled, with more than double force does that necessity press upon them at the present season. A much more than usual share of caution, wisdom, self-control, and virtuous presence of mind will be requisite in order to preserve the visitor from falling a prey to such as 'lie in wait to deceive.' And let every youth, whose piety has been formed amidst quiet sequestered scenes, and has till now been sheltered by parental care, and quickened and trained by domestic example and instruction, seek, as he comes within the reach of these new and

unknown temptations, the special protection of Divine Providence, and the holy safeguard of the Spirit of God. Carefully should he strive to fortify himself against peril, by fixed and frequent meditation on the precepts and principles of the gospel; and, above all, it becomes him earnestly and often to present to God that memorable prayer, 'Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.' We hope this volume will have a wide circulation among the innumerable visitors to the 'Great Exhibition.'

Caleb Field. A Tale of the Puritans. By the Author of 'Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland,' &c. London: Colburn and Co.

THE mere novel-reader will turn from this volume with distaste. It is not according to his mind; it meets none of his cravings; and is free from the blemishes which he values and loves. And yet it is a beautiful book, which the grave may read for instruction, and the light-hearted, though not for merriment, yet for deep tragic interest. The scene is laid in the days of Charles II., when a licentious and infidel court readily lent itself to the persecution of the more virtuous and devout men of the community. The tale itself is simple, and borrows much of its power from the graphic and truthful character of its style. Caleb Field, a Puritan preacher of the best class, at once charitable and earnest; intensely devout, yet free from asperity; loving all, yet refusing to yield conscience to human dictation; free from the manifold prejudices of his brethren, but one with them in their higher and best qualities, was at this time driven from his flock by the persecution with which the restored Stuarts rewarded the services of their Presbyterian allies. His daughter Edith, whose 'face had an earnest, devout simplicity about it, the product of such times,' was concealed at a shepherd's cottage in Cumberland. Thither her father sought her to announce his mission to London, 'the doomed City,' then suffering from the plague. The daughter insisted on accompanying him, and a fearful struggle ensued, in which parental tenderness, mingled with self-consecration, was met and ultimately overborne by the unselfishness of a daughter's love, and the seraphic ardor of her piety. It is a beautiful picture, painted by a skilful artist. Of their approach to London, the variety and extent of their labors, their marvellous preservation, and their ultimate fortune, we will not speak. Those who want to trace these matters may recur to the volume itself. The state of London is graphically described, so much so indeed that we see the groups of the living which gathered in the streets; and almost hear the bell which summoned them to bring forth their dead. The simplicity and force of Defoe are visible in many passages; while an intimate knowledge of Puritan character, and deep sympathy with Puritan views, are discernible in the notices of Vincent, Franklin, and others. Defoe was not born till 1661, and his introduction is, therefore, an anachronism which should not have been committed, without it had been intended to make more use of him. His brief appearance in the narrative, and the few words he utters, are not a sufficient justifica-

tion of the chronological error committed. We purposely abstain from reference to other points of the tale. They may best be learnt from the pages of the author. We have rarely met with a work in which so much skill is combined with so much excellence, and we cordially recommend it to the early acquaintance of our readers.

A Memoir of the Rev. Henry Watson Fox, B.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, Missionary to the Telooogoo People, South India. By the Rev. George Townshend Fox, B.A. With a Preface by the Rev. H. V. Elliott, M.A. Second Edition. London: Seeleys. 1850.

WE fully concur with Mr. Elliott when he says that 'the "Memoir of a Missionary" has a secret errand to the conscience of every one of us, and a public message to the Church at large.' When he says that '*we* are poor in good histories of Missions,' we presume that he confines his acknowledgment to the National Church Establishment, for we should not like to suppose that the literature of other British Missions to the heathen are unknown to him; if they are, we refer him to the 'histories' and biographies of all the leading Missionary Societies of Great Britain, and of the United States of America. We pen these sentences with a strong desire to promote that enlargement of missionary intelligence, and that expansion of missionary sympathy, which we believe to be greatly needed in all the religious circles of England. The work of spreading the gospel through the world is too vast, and the spirit in which the work must be prosecuted is too catholic, to admit of narrow-minded oversight, and sectarian apathy, in relation to those 'fellow-workers unto the kingdom of God' who are connected with other societies than those which we severally prefer.

The memoir now before us derives, for us, a special interest from the fact that the accomplished and amiable missionary whom it portrays so beautifully was a pupil of Dr. Arnold, at Rugby. He enjoyed the benefit of Dr. Arnold's instruction and example, during the most vigorous period of his valuable life; that instruction was not thrown away, nor that example without its influence. During his residence at Rugby school, and especially towards the latter part of it, when he had the privilege of coming into closer contact with Dr. Arnold, he contracted the greatest affection and reverence for his character; whilst the simple Christian instruction, which he so faithfully delivered in the school chapel, produced a strong and abiding impression upon his heart; so that it may be truly said, that the classical knowledge and intellectual development which he acquired at school were the least of the blessings he there received; for, though other influences were co-operating during that period, yet, *the controlling power of Dr. Arnold's mind in forming his Christian character*, was of the highest value, and to the end of his days was ever remembered by him with affection and gratitude.

The volume is written with elegant simplicity, and is adorned with views of Rugby School, Wadham College, Oxford, the Grave of Mr. Fox, several Indian scenes, and a *fac-simile* of Mr. Fox's last sermon. It is a worthy companion of the '*Life of Henry Martyn*.'

Practical Sermons to Young Men. By J. A. James. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.

MR. JAMES'S *Practical Sermons to the Young* are preached in his chapel at Birmingham, and published each month as early as possible after their delivery, beginning with September, 1851, and extending prospectively, it seems, to August in the present year. The themes are quite in character with the preacher's well-known practical mind:—The young man preparing for life; the young man entering on life; the young man undecided in his religious character; the young man possessing a defective amiability; the young man perplexed by religious controversy; the young man recommended to contemplate the character of Joseph; the young man advised to study the Book of Proverbs; the young man failing or succeeding at the outset of life; the young man emigrating to a foreign land; the young man disappointing or realizing the hopes of parents; the young man impressed with the importance of the age; the young man dying early, or living to review life in old age. On the 'Perplexity of Religious Controversy,' Mr. James gives the 'young man' some sound and sober views of the real elements of the perplexity; and, after exposing the false methods of escape, he exhorts him to study the Scriptures, carrying no *preconceived notions to them*; cherishing a humble and teachable disposition; considering the design of the Scriptures; giving up and abstaining from all sinful indulgences; cultivating right dispositions, and praying for the teaching of the Holy Spirit. Having studied the Scriptures, he exhorts him, then, *to be sure to be right on* great and fundamental points—such as repentance towards God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and evangelical holiness; to gather from the Scriptures broad comprehensive views; to seek a practical, rather than a polemical religion; something to be *done* rather than *talked* about; not to allow his convictions to be shaken by difficulties or cavils; and to hold what he believes as truth in the spirit of charity.

Southey's Common-Place Book. Fourth Series. Original Memoranda, &c. Edited by his Son-in-Law, John Wood Warton, B.D. Pp. 748. London: Longman and Co.

THIS volume, which constitutes the fourth of the series, completes the 'Common-Place Book' of one of the most voluminous readers known to English literature. Its contents are arranged under ten divisions, and by their extent, variety, and in many cases great appositeness and worth, can scarcely fail to awaken the surprise of thoughtful men. Few have read so much or on such a variety of topics as Dr. Southey, and still fewer have labored so assiduously to cull from his reading the more beautiful and salient points which it furnished. He himself has well described his mental habits in this matter, in a letter to a friend printed in the fifth volume of his 'Life and Correspondence.' 'Like those persons,' he says, 'who frequent sales, and fill their houses with useless purchases, because they may want them some time or other; so am I

for ever making collections, and storing up materials, which may not come into use till the Greek Calends. And this I have been doing for five-and-twenty years !' It is well that he did so. The rich fruits of his labor are conspicuous in his works ; and now that the materials on which he worked are before us, we are no longer astonished at his mental affluence, or at the promptitude with which he met the requirements of any case which arose. We need hardly say that the 'Common-Place Book' is not adapted for continuous reading. He who takes it up with such an idea will be disappointed. But, on the other hand, it will prove a most agreeable and instructive companion in those brief intervals of leisure which occur in the lives even of the busiest men. We have looked into it—for we do not profess to have read it through—with very much pleasure, and commend it to the companionship and cordial greeting of literary men in particular.

Yeast: a Problem. Reprinted, with Corrections and Additions, from 'Fraser's Magazine.' 12mo. Pp. 379. London: John W. Parker.

THE contents of this volume are as novel as its title, and to some readers will be as unattractive. To others, however—and we confess ourselves of the number—they will prove otherwise. We are far from agreeing with many of the opinions expressed, or from deeming the solutions tendered of some deep mysteries satisfactory ; yet there is a freshness, a masculine vigor and beauty, a freedom from mere forms, a withering scorn of pretence and hollowness, a large-hearted and genial sympathy with man, whether high or low, cultured or ignorant, rustic or artizan, most instructive to witness, and which we are always glad to meet with. As the papers composing the volume are reprinted from a contemporary, we shall content ourselves with little more than a simple announcement of their appearance in a separate form. The title of the volume is not inappropriate, and, as employed by the author, accurately describes its general scope. 'These papers,' he tells us, 'have been, from beginning to end, as in name so in nature, yeast—an honest sample of the questions which, good or bad, are fermenting in the minds of the young of this day, and are rapidly leavening the minds of the rising generation.' The authorship of the volume cannot be mistaken by any intelligent reader of 'Alton Locke.' What that work accomplished in the case of the artizan-class of our towns, the present work effects on behalf of farm laborers, and our rural population generally. Similar qualities distinguish both works, though we should certainly cede the palm to 'Alton Locke.'

Daily Bible Illustrations ; being Original Readings for a year on subjects from Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology. Vols. III. and IV. By John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. Edinburgh : Oliphant and Sons.

THESE volumes form the conclusion of the first series of a work which it has always afforded us pleasure to introduce to our readers. It was intended by Dr. Kitto to conclude his 'Illustrations' of the

Old Testament with the third volume, but the abundance of his materials, and the importance of many of the facts concerned, have induced him, and we rejoice in his decision, to devote another volume to this portion of sacred history. Few works display, in such happy proportion, extensive reading, a discriminating judgment, and an earnest solicitude to advance a sound biblical scholarship. The results of multifarious research are communicated in a style suitable to all classes of readers, and eminently conducive to the correction of popular errors, and to the maintenance and diffusion of correct views on matters of scripture history, and of individual character. Dr. Kitto has wisely bestowed much labor on the history and character of David. 'This was felt,' he remarks, 'to be required at a time when the old and thrice-refuted aspersions and injurious insinuations of Bayle and Chubb have been so reproduced, as to appear like emanations from the critical spirit of our own day; whereas, indeed, they belong to a past age.' He has thus rendered valuable service to the young by putting into their hands an antidote to the misrepresentations which are abroad. We thank him for his labor, and warmly recommend it to the favor and confidence of our readers. We are glad to report that he contemplates a second series, to consist like the first of four quarterly volumes; the subjects of which will be, Job and the Poetical Books, Isaiah and the Prophets, the Life and Death of our Lord, and the Apostles and the Early Church. Such a work will form an invaluable addition to our family religious literature, and will be cordially welcomed by a large class.

The Pilgrim's Progress: with Forty Illustrations by David Scott, R.S.A. A Life of Bunyan by the Rev. J. W. Wilson; and Explanatory Notes abridged from the Rev. Thomas Scott. Royal 8vo. Parts I.—VIII. London and Edinburgh: A. Fullarton and Co.

ANOTHER edition of one of England's great classics, the extensive and enduring popularity of which may well be regarded with pride and satisfaction. This edition is to be completed in fourteen parts, at one shilling each, and from the specimens before us, promises to become the book of all those admirers of Bunyan who can by any means command the comparatively small sum at which it is issued. The typography of the edition is very beautiful; and the *Illustrations*, of which each part contains three, are singularly adapted to convey through the eye the ideal of some of the great dreamer's most striking scenes. The artist, David Scott, was specially qualified to illustrate the allegory of Bunyan. The most austere of modern painters fittingly associated himself with the preacher of Bedford. The qualities of the artist were in keeping with his subject, and his *Illustrations* consequently evince 'strong distinct conception, great simplicity, and a deep yet familiar sublimity.'

Of the 'Life' we cannot speak highly, which we much regret. There are many things in it not to our taste, and some which we do not think correct. We should object, for instance, to such a description of Bunyan as the following:—'He was a jackanapes, a never-do-

well, a scape-grace, a scamp—in one word, a blackguard.' Again, Bunyan is said to have been 'wildly irreligious, awfully ungodly, and grossly depraved, yet *neither criminal nor obstreperously vicious*.' Once more, referring to the moral influence exerted by his wife, Mr. Wilson tells us:—'He became less a dog, but more a fox—less a lion, but more a serpent—less a fiend, but more an imp—less a contemner of religion, but more a killer of his own soul.' There are several other points on which the writer is fairly open to censure, and any biography completed after this fashion, will certainly add nothing to the value of an edition which, on all other grounds, deserves generous support.

The singular Introduction of the English Bible into Britain, and its Consequences; illustrative of the paramount Duty and imperative Obligation of British Christians to other Nations in the present eventful Period. The Second Edition. 8vo. Pp. 64. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

THOSE who are acquainted with Mr. Anderson's 'Annals of the English Bible' will need no recommendation of the pamphlet before us. He preaches an admirable sermon from a noble text, and every Christian reader must largely sympathize with the sentiments he inculcates, and the obligations he seeks to enforce. His title-page will sufficiently explain what these are; and the historical information embraced gives a charm to the treatise which prevents weariness. We cordially thank Mr. Anderson for the light he has thrown on the lives of Tyndale and Rogers, and recommend our readers to familiarize themselves with the labors of his pen.

Missionary Addresses, delivered before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, with Additional Papers on Female Education, and the Danish or earliest Protestant Missions in India. By Alexander Duff, D.D.

Home Organization for Foreign Missions. By Alexander Duff, D.D. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

BOTH of these productions—the former a reprint, the latter a pamphlet now first published, are valuable contributions to missionary literature—the one as a series of admirable disquisitions on the conditions and equipments for missionary labour in India, brimful of fervid earnestness, combined with great practical wisdom, a combination which is the infallible mark of the highest order of men—and the other as an urgent enforcement of some sound truths that are sadly forgotten, as to the right Christian way of raising money. Taken together they give us a large contribution towards a complete view of the whole subject, in its two departments of foreign and home effort. There could be no better means devised for the strengthening and purifying of our English missionary proceedings than the wide diffusion of these valuable essays, and few better signs of their healthiness than the adoption of the views enforced in the latter.

Fragments of College and Pastoral Life: A Memoir of the late Rev. John Clark, of Glasgow; with Selections from his Essays, Lectures, and Sermons. By the Rev. John Cairns, A.M. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons. 1851.

MR. CAIRNS writes like an earnest thinker, a devoted friend, and a sincere Christian. His description of a college friendship—'a friendship such as only students can feel,' will recall many a cherished memory to those who have realized its truth. We could have wished that the space occupied by selections from Mr. Clark's sermons and lectures had been filled up by his biographer. We should like to have known more of 'those problems respecting the nature of truth and certainty' which occupied Mr. Clark's mind so fully during his college life. At a time when such problems are continually forcing themselves upon every thoughtful and earnest mind—when men are beginning to feel that they *must* be solved—and solved, not for the favoured few, but for the million; it would have been helpful to see more clearly what influence they had upon the mind of a young and ardent thinker like Mr. Clark, and what solution he gave to them. Our disappointment is the more severe, from the fact that his biographer, in what he *has* done, has given admirable proof of what he *might* have done. Mr. Clark was born at Edinburgh in 1817, and after passing through the High School, entered the University in 1836. Sir William Hamilton had just been appointed to the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics. His lectures revealed a new and beautiful world to the ardent mind of Mr. Clark. The account of his philosophical thinkings is extremely interesting, and valuable as giving another proof of the beautiful harmony that may always exist between profound thought and sincere practical piety. After passing through the usual course, he was ordained as minister of the Original Secession Church, Campbell-street, Glasgow, in 1843. Unhappy differences arising in his congregation, he resigned his charge, and eventually left the body, and was admitted as a minister of the Free Church in 1848. According to a law of that body, a year must elapse ere he would be eligible to take a charge, and before the expiration of that period he was seized with cholera, and cut off in the morning of a promising life in January, 1849.

One fact in his life strikes us as very remarkable. The metaphysical tendencies which were so strongly developed in his collegiate career seem to have been entirely laid aside when he entered on his ministerial life. The motive which prompted this sacrifice is deserving of all praise, but we cannot think it was based on a sound principle. A deeper view of the true nature of a speculative life might, perhaps, have shown him that such a life would be seen to the best advantage in union with a practical life, not in opposition to it. The separation of the provinces of thinking and acting—of speculation and practice, is surely neither necessary nor expedient. It is so rarely that we see the combination of broad and manly philosophy with devout piety, that we cannot consent to the putting asunder of what God hath joined together in the case of the few who are thus highly gifted.

The Rival Educational Projects. Reprinted from the 'Eclectic Review,' 8vo. London: Ward and Co.

State-Education Self-Defeating; a Chapter from Social Statics. By Herbert Spencer. Reprinted by permission of the Author. London: John Chapman.

The Educator; or Home, the School, and the Teacher. A Quarterly Journal of Education, No. I., 12mo. London: J. Snow.

As the first is a reprint from our own pages, we will say nothing more than that it is well adapted, in the judgment of many intelligent men, to serve the cause of popular education, by exposing some of the fallacies now prevalent amongst its friends. It is much to be regretted that the energies which ought to be concentrated on the enlightenment of the people, are often frittered away on impracticable schemes, or devoted to plans whose present benefit is dearly purchased by ulterior mischiefs. Mr. Spencer's pamphlet is admirably suited to make an impression on practical men. It deals with the political bearings of the subject, and is triumphantly conclusive in its logic. We wish the advocates of State education, whether English or Scotch, would give it an attentive perusal. 'The Educator' is a quarterly publication, 'projected by a few friends anxious to promote the cause of education in its varied interests and relations. It is designed for parents, Sunday-school teachers, and the teachers of primary schools, all of whom are employed in different departments of one work, pursuing the same end by similar means. Its aim is to bring into prominent view the principles of youthful training furnished by the word of God.' We need scarcely say, that it is hostile to Government interference with education, and favourable to a large infusion of the religious element into the arrangements. Its low price (3d), and popular form, adapt it for general circulation, which we shall be glad to find it has obtained.

The British Officer; his Position, Duties, Emoluments, and Privileges; being a Digest and Compilation of the Rules, Regulations, Warrants, and Memoranda, relating to the Duties, Promotion, Pay, and Allowances of the Officers in her Majesty's Service, and in that of the Honourable East India Company. With Notices of the Military Colleges, Hospitals, and Establishments in Great Britain, and a variety of information regarding the Regular Regiments and Local Corps in both Services, and the Yeomanry, Militia, and other Volunteer Corps. By J. H. Stocqueler. 8vo. Pp. 325. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

We are not much in the way of noticing works of this class. They do not frequently come before us, nor are we rich in the kind of lore needful to an authoritative judgment on them. Though not members of the Peace Society, we have sufficient repugnance to what is termed the military profession, to be strongly disinclined to the drudgery which is required to master the regulations and details of the service. To such, however, as have need of information on these points, we cannot conceive of a better guide than the volume before us. We

have copied its title-page in full, which is accurately descriptive of its contents, and our military friends, if we have such, will find it a copious and very useful companion. The design of the work is to place within the reach of officers of the British and Indian armies, and of the British public generally, all the rules, regulations, and usages of a personal nature which concern the commissioned ranks of the service. Condensation and concentration have been the ruling principles of the compiler, who has been careful to discard all such purely professional and technical knowledge as may be gleaned from the works particularly treating of such matters.

The Ladies of the Covenant. Memoirs of distinguished Scottish Female Characters, embracing the Period of the Covenant and the Persecution.
By the Rev. James Anderson. London: Blackie & Son.

WE noticed, with due honor, Mr. Anderson's former volume, on 'The Bass Rock,' and have much pleasure in introducing to the favor of our readers the one now before us. The materials for such a work are abundant, and of the most interesting character, while the temper in which he has employed them, and the end to which they are rendered subservient, greatly enhance the value of his volume. Scotland is rich in the memorials of female piety; and a worthy service has been rendered by our author in the preparation of this record. While attractive to all, the volume will be specially interesting to woman. It contains a mass of deeply touching narrative, in which the higher qualities of her character are brought out distinctly under the ennobling influence of religion. Our mothers, wives, and sisters, will find Mr. Anderson's volume a most interesting and instructive companion.

The Traveller's Library:—Warren Hastings, No. I. Lord Clive, No. II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay: Reprinted from Mr. Macaulay's 'Critical and Historical Essays.' London in 1850, 1851.
No. III. From the Geographical Dictionary of J. B. M'Culloch. London: Longman and Co.

'THE Traveller's Library' is to be sold at one shilling each volume, is intended to comprise books of entertaining and valuable information, in a form adapted for reading whilst travelling, and at the same time, of a character that will render them worthy of preservation. The resources of the Messrs. Longman eminently fit them to carry out such a design successfully, and we doubt not, from the sample already given, and from the works announced, that the series will form a very attractive and useful one. We are glad to find that several of the essays in Mr. Macaulay's volumes are to be reprinted, and that selections will be given from those of Lord Jeffrey, Sir James Mackintosh, and the Rev. Sydney Smith. The volume from Mr. M'Culloch's Dictionary is full of very interesting and useful information, eminently adapted to the purposes of such a series. We need scarcely say, that 'The Traveller's Library' is got up in neat style, as the names of its publishers are a sufficient guarantee for this.

Objections to the Doctrine of Israel's Future Restoration to Palestine, National Pre-eminence, &c. With an Appendix on the Ten Tribes and the Future Destinies of the World and the Church. By Edward Swaine. Second Edition. London: Jackson and Walford.

THE former edition of this work was published anonymously, and has been out of print for some years. We are glad that the author has been induced to re-issue it, and to put his name on the title-page. He deserves the honor of being known, while his modesty shrinks from claiming it. We have rarely had an opportunity of examining a work, the qualities of which are more pleasing and creditable. It is a calm, intelligent, searching, and scriptural, examination of a subject, on which there has been much foolish talking and writing. The temper is as candid as the style is lucid, and the treatise, though brief, carries with it the impression of having proceeded from a mind which has thought out the question for itself, and which, being practically conversant with its difficulties, is tolerant and candid in its construction of the views of others. We thank Mr. Swaine for his contribution to an important and much mystified subject, and strongly recommend his little volume to our readers.

The Principal Obstacle to Christian Harmony Removed. By ΗΡΕΣΒΥΤΕΡΟΣ. J. Nisbet. 1851.

A SMALL treatise on the Popish dogma of the 'Apostolical Succession,' in which, by a light, but well-managed dialogue, first, the Puseyite parody is exposed, and then the original destroyed. It is admirably adapted for popular reading, and might be circulated with great advantage where Puseyism or Romanism prevail.

A Trip to Mexico; or, Recollections of a Ten Months' Ramble. In 1849-50. By a Barrister. 12mo. Pp. 256. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

'WHEN I commenced this journey,' says the author, 'and even during its progress, I had not the slightest intention of appearing in print, and, consequently, I took no notes at all.' The persuasion of friends, however, subsequently induced him to undertake the responsibilities of authorship, and there is a freshness and simplicity in his narrative which attract attention and warrant confidence. Our traveller does not profess, like some modern tourists, to tell us all—past, present, and future—which can be told of the places he visited. His object is much less ambitious, and to us, at least, his labors are far more interesting. 'My intention,' he says, 'is to give a plain, brief, and straightforward account of what I myself saw, did, and heard, in the various places that I visited.' His volume is a pleasing narrative, depicting many features of a country of which little is yet known. Without parade, or any of the artifices of book-making, it communicates information which may be vainly searched for in works of much higher pretension.

Across the Atlantic. By the Author of 'Sketches of Cantabs.'
London: George Earle.

A LIGHT and amusing volume, which we have read through with interest, much of which commends itself to our confidence, but some portions of which we deem one-sided and prejudiced, the results of unworthy aversion and defective morality. The sketches of American character, though given in outline only, are truthful and graphic, and make us wish that the author had done more in this way. There is also a genial and kind-hearted temper about him, which effectually prevents his taking pleasure in the pain inflicted, though it cannot obscure his vision, or render him insensible to the grotesque and ludicrous points of American society and manners. He writes with freedom, records his judgments without reserve, and while raising a laugh at the expense of our transatlantic relatives, exalts our estimate of their capabilities and destiny. We are sorry to observe, that all his allusions to the religious bearings of the case are indicative of what we deem serious errors. The sneer of indifference, if not of contemptuous aversion, is too often visible. The chapter on slavery is as unworthy of the Englishman, as its morality is defective and low. It is one of the poorest pleas for a miserable system which we have ever read. Laughing at what is grave, trifling with the dearest interests of humanity, it awakens a mingled feeling of pity and indignation, not often aroused, we are happy to say, by the productions of our countrymen.

A Text-Book of Popery. Comprising a brief History of the Council of Trent, and a complete View of Roman Catholic Theology. By J. M. Cramp, D.D. Third Edition. 8vo. Pp. 568. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

WE need say little respecting this work. The fact of its having reached a third edition speaks greatly in its favor, and would enable, as it might induce, the author to smile at our criticism, if it were condemnatory. Such, however, is very far from being the case. We have welcomed the former editions as sterling contributions to our Protestant literature, and have now very much pleasure in introducing to our readers this enlarged and improved reprint of a work which in its earlier and less finished form we deemed most creditable to the author, and admirably suited to advance the interests of truth. The historical statements of the work have been carefully re-examined, and sundry corrections made. The first chapter, on 'the Rise and Progress of Ecclesiastical Corruptions,' was formerly printed in the Appendix; while the second, entitled 'the Papal System Developed,' is entirely new. Several chapters have been divided, and, in some instances, large additions have been made. 'On the whole,' says Dr. Cramp, 'it is hoped that the "Text-Book of Popery" will continue to be regarded as a valuable aid to Protestants in their conflicts with the enemies of scriptural truth and goodness. It reveals Romanism as it is. It is no fancy portraiture, but is drawn from the life, and shows the hideous thing in its own natural deformity.'

Review of the Month.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL is at length in a fair way of passing to the Upper House. Our readers need not be informed of the length or wearisome character of the debate to which it has given rise. With very much that has been said by some supporters of the measure we have no sympathy, while the personalities, discursive rhetoric, and mere factious votes, of Mr. Reynolds and his associates, have certainly failed to command our admiration or respect. Between the two extreme sections, however, there have been, in our judgment, both sound sense and sound principle. We know that this opinion is unfashionable amongst many of our friends, but with all deference to their judgment, and a most cordial persuasion of their integrity in the matter, we are yet of opinion—and every day confirms our judgment—that the recent measure of the Papacy did call for, and necessitate, some step on our part, and that so far from such step involving a violation of religious liberty, it was required in order to its maintenance and promotion. Such is our honest conviction, and we believe that the time will come, when others who now deem us faulty will concur in our view. The first clause of the bill was passed May 30th, on a division of 244 for, and 62 against it; and on the 20th of June the second clause was adopted by 150 to 35, after which the third was agreed to without a division. On the following Monday, the 23rd, a series of amendments to the preamble of the bill was proposed by Mr. Walpole, on which some near divisions took place, one of them leaving the Government a majority of nine only. Ultimately, however, the preamble was passed by a majority of 161, the numbers being 200 for and 39 against it. The report was ordered to be taken into consideration on the 27th, and the Premier expressed a confident persuasion that they would be able to despatch this branch of the business in the course of a single sitting. In all probability, therefore, the bill will have passed through its several stages in the Lower House before this record meets the eye of our readers.

THE CEYLON INQUIRY has terminated much as we expected. Its antecedents—to use a phrase somewhat in fashion just now—had greatly jeopardized its judicial character. Indeed, it had evidently dwindled down into little more than a party question, and the country, therefore, was fast losing interest in it. A series of resolutions condemnatory of the policy of Lord Torrington was moved by Mr. Baillie, on the 27th of May, and was supported or opposed by several of the leading men of the two great parties.

No new facts were elicited in the course of the debate. Lord Torrington's administration was impugned by Mr. Hume, Sir. F. Thesiger, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli; and was defended by Mr. Serjeant Murphy, Mr. Roebuck, Sir J. W. Hogg, Mr. Hawes, the Attorney-General, and the Premier. The debate occupied two nights, and on a division the resolutions were rejected by 282 to 208. This majority

was no doubt increased by other considerations than those which are proper to a judicial inquiry. The manner in which the motion had been interposed at a critical period of party warfare, and the consequence which it was well known must follow an adverse decision, would naturally incline many members to refrain from voting, or to give to the Government the benefit of their aid. We cannot, therefore, regard the rejection of Mr. Baillie's resolutions as a judicial acquittal of Lord Torrington. The ministerial majority has no character of this kind, and his lordship remains, what he was previously believed to be, an incompetent and tyrannical ruler, reckless of human misery, and swift to shed human blood. 'It is,' says the 'Colombo Observer,' of April 15th, 'because we love the English name, and boast of our birth as Britons, that we have so loudly, so perseveringly, and so successfully protested against those deeds of cruelty and blood, which, in our opinion, were calculated to bring disgrace and odium on the British name. *For the proclamation of martial law, there may be a show of defence; for its long continuance, none.*' The delinquent governor has been recalled, and *that* is a great triumph, while the Colonial minister, 'who was guilty of appointing an unfit favourite to be governor of a valuable island,' has been compelled to revoke the power he gave, and now stands before his countrymen convicted—notwithstanding this majority—of a most unworthy and unstatesmanlike appointment. These facts will have their influence on the further distribution of official patronage.

THE RAILWAY AUDIT BILL has been lost in committee by a majority of 62 to 56. The president of the Board of Trade, while affirming that the bill was not as perfect as was desirable, admitted that it would be a great improvement on the existing state of things. Nevertheless, the power of railway directors was exerted to defeat the measure. It contained some clauses to which *they* might fairly object, and an amendment was admitted by Mr. Locke, which provoked the hostility of the legal profession. The union of these two classes was fatal to the measure. They resolved to damage, and, if possible, to destroy it. This purpose was unhappily effected, and the question is consequently left open for government interference, which, at some convenient moment, may possibly be again attempted. Mr. Peto was perfectly right in saying 'that those railway directors who opposed the bill would deserve at the hands of the Government the most stringent measure that could be devised.'

THE SUBJECT OF NATIONAL EDUCATION has been again submitted to the House. On the 4th, Lord Melgund moved the second reading of a bill for the remodelling and extension of the School establishment of Scotland, and was supported by Mr. Hume, the Lord Advocate, and the Premier. The bill is, in fact, a Free Church scheme, and is adapted to deprive the Established Church of the control at present exercised over the parochial schools of Scotland. So far we do not, of course, object to it, but it has other aspects, under which it is highly exceptionable. It is an attempt to commit the State anew to a work with which it ought not to interfere, and which it cannot undertake without hazarding much more evil, in the long run, than it accom-

plishes good. It seeks to introduce the thin edge of the wedge, and carries with it, so far as principle is concerned, all that is involved in the more elaborate machinery of some of our education-mongers. Further than this, the bill is sectarian, and that, too, under a profession of catholicity. It is a Free Church project designed to promote Free Church interests by means of a compulsory rate. The Presbyterian is to be the governing body, and the Shorter Westminster Catechism to be the manual adopted in each school. The teachers, it is true, are to be relieved from the test at present enforced, and may, therefore, be selected from a larger class, but the formulary to be taught necessarily excludes large bodies which might otherwise furnish well-trained teachers. 'Tests,' as our contemporary the 'Patriot' justly remarks, 'binding teachers to be of the Established Church, are, indeed, to be abolished; but they must still be of the Established Catechism.' Nor do we attach value to the permission given to parents or guardians to require the exemption of their children from religious instruction. Practically this provision is of little value, as the consequences which would follow from it are of a nature to prevent its being regarded in any other light than as a dead letter. In the course of the debate the same gross blunders were committed as we had occasion to remark on in former instances. Lord Melgund drew an alarming picture of the ignorance of one half of the children of Scotland. His statistics, according to the Lord Advocate, 'were frightful,' and that legal functionary improved on them by calculating the consequences of such ignorance on the next generation. It is really too bad that honorable members, men of high name and station, should undertake to settle questions of such intricacy and moment in gross ignorance—for we will not suspect them of what is infinitely worse—of the facts which pertain to them, and on which alone the necessity for legislative interference is based. Lord Melgund estimated the number of children to be educated at 600,000, of which he says the Free Church and the Kirk educate 200,000, and other Churches 100,000. 'Of the remaining 300,000' his lordship adds, 'he was unable to give any account whatever.' Taking these figures for granted, Mr. Baines triumphantly remarks that, 'instead of leaving half of the population uneducated, they would imply *an average duration of five years' education for every child in Scotland!* So inaccurate are the facts, and so absurd the conclusions drawn from them by those who take upon them to inform Parliament—by official men—by the projectors of the new school establishment! Would that our members of Parliament had themselves a better schooling!' On a division the bill was lost by a majority of 13, the numbers being 124 for the second reading, and 137 against it.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL SCHOOL SOCIETY was held on the 4th, and its proceedings bore out the strong feelings of interest with which it had been anticipated. It is well known to our readers that a dispute has long existed between the society and the Privy Council respecting what are termed the Management Clauses in the trust deed of schools receiving Government grants. This is but one amongst many of the difficulties created by the tampering spirit of our legislature; and it will go on to increase, as well it may,

so long as that spirit is persisted in. The High Church party want to insure the paramount influence of the clergy in the management of the society's schools, while the moderate, or Low Church party, require a proportionate infusion of a lay element. It is but the old question of priestism revived in a form suited to the nineteenth century, and we are not sorry that ministers should thus be taught the folly of their measures. Surely they have difficulties enough to contend with, and need not go out of their way to increase them. However, if they will not learn otherwise, we shall be glad at their being taught wisdom by perceiving the impracticable nature of the task they have undertaken. For three years past strong resolutions have been adopted at the annual meeting of the society, condemnatory of the policy of the Privy Council. That policy, however, has been persisted in, and so far our sympathies go with the Government. If we are to have public grants of money in aid of educational schemes, let us by all means guard against putting such grants under the exclusive control of a clerical body. Recent circumstances have awakened a strong feeling within the Church itself. The more enlightened portion of its members are desirous of rescuing the National Society from what they deem a false position, while many others—the bishops especially—are supremely concerned to put an end to the discord and contention now so rife within its pale. The Annual Meeting of the society was therefore very numerously attended. The two archbishops and thirteen bishops, with a few peers, and some members of the Lower House, were present. The Primate presided, and in his opening speech deprecated discussion, and expressed a hope that, in the event of such discussion being persisted in, 'no such spirit would be prevalent as would be inconsistent with a meeting of Christian brethren.' The Rev. G. A. Denison, in conformity with the notice given, then moved, 'That this meeting deeply regrets that her Majesty's Government continue to disallow the equitable claim of members of the Church of England, as set forth in the resolution of the annual meeting of this society, June 6th, 1849—That founders of Church schools, who see fit "to place the management of their schools in the clergyman of the parish and the bishop of the diocese," should not, on that account, be excluded from State assistance towards the building of their schools.' To these words he added the following—not to set himself right with his friends, but with a large portion of the public:—'That this meeting desires to express its sense of the very great importance of securing the most friendly relations and the most harmonious co-operation with the civil power, and of being enabled to accept assistance of every kind from the Parliamentary grant for education, provided always that such co-operation and such assistance involve no interference, direct or indirect, actual or virtual, with the doctrine or the discipline of the Church.' It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Denison's resolution was expressive of the views of the Puseyite section of the Church. They cheered its announcement, and were most hearty throughout his speech in the expression of their approval. The resolution was seconded by A. J. B. Hope, Esq., M. P., and the following amendment was moved by Sir John Pakington:—'That the cause of sound

religious instruction and the interests of the Church demand, at the present juncture, the friendly co-operation of the National Society and the Committee of Council; and this meeting, satisfied that such co-operation must be for the advantage of the National Society, as well as of the Church at large, desires to deprecate any renewal of the agitation which has characterised the recent meetings of the society, and to express its earnest hope that the two bodies may act cordially together.' The general subject was thus fairly launched, and much strong feeling evidently prevailed. When the chairman rose to put the question, the Bishop of London interposed with a brief speech after his own fashion, entreating the meeting 'to reject both the amendment and the resolution.' The truth or error of the opinions expressed was of little moment. What the bishop cared for was the avoidance of the appearance of discord. About that he was concerned, and in order to compass it, he would have both parties suppress their views, and unite in apparent harmony, when each was sensible that no real unity existed. If such be the harmony of the Church, may we long be strangers to it. It may deaden conscience, may benumb the vital powers, nay, in some cases—and this is the best that can be said for it—it may prevent the utterance of uncharitableness and wrath; but it bears no marks, and answers none of the higher ends, of Christian fellowship.

Sir John Pakington withdrew his amendment in conformity with the suggestion of the bishop, and the resolution of Mr. Denison was rejected by a large majority. This decision is undoubtedly a triumph to the moderate party in the Church, and as such we rejoice in it. We have long thought that the Oxford or Pusey party had passed its zenith, and the vote of this meeting furnishes another confirmation of our view. Temporary circumstances may give currency to its dogmas for a day, but their inherent absurdity cannot fail, in the long run, to induce their contemptuous rejection.

THE METROPOLIS WATER BILL was read a second time on the 5th, by a majority of sixteen, the numbers being 95 for, and 79 against it. Sir George Grey and Sir William Clay were the only defenders of the measure, and they utterly failed to show that it would accomplish any one of the objects which public convenience, health, or economy, require. It was not without difficulty that 95 members were found to record their votes in its favor. As the 'Daily News' remarks, 'The names of all the heads of departments who have seats in the House, of the law officers of the Crown, both for England and Scotland, and of most of the "dead votes" of the party, will be found in the majority. The Household troops took the field in force on the occasion.' We look in vain to the speeches of the Home Secretary and of Sir William Clay for any explanation of the bill. The former apparently could not, and the latter would not give it. Had Sir William forgotten his character as senator, and spoken only as proprietor of some of the water companies concerned, he might readily have thrown light on the matter, but had he done so, the fate of the bill would have been sealed. Every one admits that the present supply of water in London is deficient in quantity, exceedingly impure, and far too expensive. These are the three things which need correction, and how does the

Government propose to effect it? The nine existing companies are to be amalgamated, their property to be taken at a valuation, and their stock to be consolidated. The *one* company thus created is to be invested with the exclusive right of supplying water to the metropolis, a Secretary of State being empowered to dictate the source of supply, and to limit the rates charged when the net profits of the company shall clearly exceed 5 per cent. on their stock. How these provisions are to compass the objects sought we cannot divine. If nine companies, though competing, to a certain extent, at least, have failed, what can be expected from *one* only, to which, moreover, an absolute and perpetual monopoly is guaranteed? As to the supervision of a Secretary of State, the thing is perfectly farcical. No practical man will deem it worth a thought. The members of Government have already more to do than they can accomplish, and no effectual oversight of water companies will therefore be maintained by them. The 'Times' puts the case correctly, when it says, 'Relieved at once from responsibility and hazard they may do just what they did before, with this single qualification, that a Secretary of State may curtail their profits if he can discover them, and may enforce his orders if the "necessities of patronage" will permit his meddling with a body which has "seventy representatives in Parliament."' The last clause of this passage reveals, as we believe, the secret history of the measure. Seventy members are said to be interested in the existing water companies, and Government has succumbed to them. But if these companies are sufficiently powerful now to induce a ministry to damage its reputation by proposing so monstrous a bill, what can be the worth of that future supervision on which alone our prospects of improved quality and diminished cost are based? If the Home Secretary now submits to be dragged through the mud at the bidding of these seventy gentlemen, how will his successors manage to keep them in order in all coming times? The thing is too palpably fallacious to be relied on for a moment. As to the financial bearing of the question, it is difficult to avoid the employment of strong terms. 'It is an assertion,' says the 'Times,' and we cannot do better than quote its words, 'verified by calculation, and not inconsistent with probability, that the water service might be placed on a footing unexceptionable in regard to quality and quantity of supply, at a cost which, even after a fair purchase of vested interests, would effect a reduction of one-sixth in the present rates, and would, in thirty years' time, leave the service entirely free. In another form it has been credibly estimated that an outlay of 2,000,000*l.* judiciously applied, that is to say, a current expenditure of 100,000*l.*, would furnish us with all that we desire. In the face of these unimpeached calculations, Sir George Grey is for delivering us tied and bound into the hands of a company who, over and above what they may please to term their expenses, are empowered to charge us 5 per cent. in perpetuity on a fictitious capital of 4,800,000*l.*, and to borrow 2,000,000*l.* besides to draw interest from our pockets in like manner.' Such a measure cannot surely pass, and it will be well for Sir George Grey instantly to look about him, for some creditable mode of retreating from his position.

THE CHANCERY REFORM MEASURE OF THE GOVERNMENT has

undergone considerable alteration. As in other cases, so in this, the Premier has been content to throw his first measure overboard, and to bring forward another, identical in little more than name with its predecessor. How is this? It may be well for the country that a rough draft should first be announced, and then, when the matter has been discussed, and all conceivable objections urged, that it should be reproduced in a more consistent and wiser shape, and in this form be submitted for approval. This plan is now characteristic of the Whig Government, and few men, in consequence, think of their first propositions as things which are intended to stand. They are regarded rather as paper kites—mere tentative projects to elicit opinions, not to constitute legislative acts. Were we disposed to indulge our fancy rather than our judgment—to write as poets rather than critics, we should imagine that our rulers were nobly willing to sacrifice their reputation to their country's good—that they were ready to be deemed short-sighted, ignorant of obvious facts, immature in opinion, most precipitate in judgment, if they might but thereby have fashioned out to their unskilful hands such measures as are adapted to the necessities of the day.

On the 13th Lord John obtained leave to bring in 'a bill to improve the administration of justice in the Court of Chancery,' which is unquestionably a great improvement on the former measure of his lordship. It was correctly described by Mr. Bethell as an 'instalment of a reform long demanded,' and we hope that greater vigor and earnestness will be shown in forwarding its progress than are discernible in the case of some other ministerial measures. The Master of the Rolls and one of the Vice-Chancellors, whom it was formerly proposed should sit with the Chancellor as assistants, and in case of his absence with power to act as his representatives, are to remain in their present courts. In the place of this arrangement two new judges, called Judges of Appeal, are to be created, by which it is expected to keep down the arrears of the Chancery Court. The Lord Chancellor is still to officiate as Speaker of the House of Lords, and to preside in the Court of Appeal. We regret that the judicial and political functions of the Chancellorship are not to be separated, but the measure of the Premier is, undoubtedly, an advance in the right direction. The ecclesiastical patronage which it was proposed to transfer to the Premier is to remain with the Chancellor. The cost of the proposed alteration will be 7,000*l.* a-year. The two new judges are to have 6,000*l.* a-year each, but, on the other hand, the Lord Chancellor's salary is to be reduced from 14,000*l.* to 10,000*l.*, and that of the Master of the Rolls from 7,000*l.* to 6,000*l.*

THE MURMUR OF PROTECTION is still heard throughout the land, and a field day has been held at Tamworth, as if in derision of the great statesman, once the idol, but now the accursed of the Tory party. We say nothing about the taste of such an exhibition. The calmer, sounder, more intelligent men of the party took no share in it, and the tenantry and neighbours of the deceased statesman marked their sense of the indignity offered to his memory in a manner not to be mistaken. We greatly regret the violence displayed, but cannot say

we wonder at it. Such exhibitions are ever to be deplored, and wise men will cautiously avoid giving occasion for them. The correspondence which has since taken place between Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Young is not creditable to either party, but least of all so to the latter. The insult offered to a deceased father is an excuse for strong language in the one case to which there is nothing analogous in the other. But leaving the personalities of the question we come to facts, and the first thing which strikes us is the want of harmony between the Parliamentary champions of the party and those who lead out of doors. The former practically eschew protection, talk of the burdens on agriculture, and in vague, rhetorical speech, rather than in specific words, call for relief to those who are engaged in its pursuits. The latter proclaim unceasing hostility to Free-trade, assure their dupes that they 'must remove it altogether from them, or their destruction will be as swift as it is sure,' and refer, in terms of the bitterest enmity, to those who advocate the interests of the many rather than of the few. Again, the fallacy of protection is shown in the fact that agricultural distress exists to a greater extent in France than with ourselves, though a prohibitory duty of about 27s. 9d. a quarter is levied in that country on foreign grain, and the farmers have had the benefit of the new and large market opened to them in our own country. But further still, the cry of agricultural distress is no new one, nor have we been in past times unacquainted with the thing itself. In 1821, 1822, 1833, 1834, 1835, and 1842, the farmers were much worse off than they are now, and yet there was no Free-trade then. The gloomiest pictures now sketched by Mr. Disraeli in Parliament, or by Mr. Young out of it, are bright and hopeful compared with the language of the farmer's friends in those days. The truth of the matter is, that Protection has been tried in all conceivable forms, but without success, and we therefore smile when invited to return to it as a panacea for existing evils. Did we rely on such a remedy we should be greater dupes than those who consent to be misled by Messrs. Young and Co.

THE SUNDAY TRADING PREVENTION BILL was thrown out on the 18th, on the motion for going into committee. The numbers were, in favor of the bill 42, and against it 77. We are not surprised at this decision, nor do we regret it. We have no sympathy with the opposition evinced by Mr. Roebuck, Mr. W. J. Fox, and Sir B. Hall. There is no mistaking the temper of their speeches, and we rejoice to believe that it is repudiated by the great body of our countrymen. At the same time, we are bound to say that the supporters of the bill do not appear to be duly aware of the difficulties inherent in the case. Mr. Fox demonstrated the inconsistencies in which one section of them was involved, and Mr. Roebuck proved, beyond question, the anomalous provisions of the measure, and the arbitrary powers with which it would invest some functionaries. To all legislative enforcements of a seventh-day rest as a religious institute, or on religious grounds, we should, of course, take strong objection, as we believe the very nature of religion repudiates such enforcement, and that no spiritual purpose can be answered by it. The immense benefit, both religious and social, of such a rest does not admit of question. All history and all

experience are clear on this point, and he is no friend, therefore, to his species, or to laboring men especially, who disparages it, or seeks to promote its secular occupation. So far all is clear, and our ground firm; but when it is proposed to go beyond this, and enforce a seventh-day rest by statute, we incur the danger either of desecrating religion, or of passing unequal and oppressive laws. The anomalies of Mr. Williams's bill, we believe, to be inherent in the subject; and agree with the Home Secretary, in thinking it to be one which must be left to the good feelings of the people themselves. 'Persons,' said Sir George Grey, 'might in their several spheres discourage Sunday trading by all proper and legitimate means, and in this way obtain as much good as any legislative enactment on the subject could produce. Honorable members, he trusted, bearing in mind the discussion which had taken place, would take all means of discouraging Sunday labor, and give to the people in their employment that to which they were really entitled—a day of rest.'

THE MAYNOOTH GRANT, which was supposed to be placed beyond danger by the arrangement of 1845, was greatly imperilled on the 16th. Amongst the miscellaneous estimates was an item of 1,230*l.* 10*s.* for the repairs of the college at Maynooth. This vote must not be confounded with the 30,000*l.* granted in 1845 for the erection of new buildings, nor with the 26,000*l.* annually charged on the Consolidated Fund for the maintenance of the college. It relates, as Sir William Somerville stated, to the repairs of the old building, and has been annually included in the estimates since 1845. Mr. Spooner moved the discontinuance of this grant, and was supported by several members, some of whom alleged that they had been accustomed to vote for it, but that they could do so no longer. The Cabinet Ministers were discreetly silent. They probably felt that it required more skill than they possessed to reconcile such a vote with the speeches they have recently been delivering. We were glad to find Mr. Anstey affirming that he intended, in future, to vote against 'all sectarian and exceptional grants of public money,' and that he 'should begin most fitly by clearing his conscience in the matter, and voting against the proposed grant, for which he could see no solid ground, in favour of his own Church.' On a division, the vote was carried by a majority of two only—the numbers being, for the grant, 121; and against it, 119. Messrs. Cobden, Brotherton, Hume, and Walmsley, voted for the grant, and we are glad to see in the minority the names of Messrs. Ewart, Hindley, Kershaw, Peto, and Colonel Thompson. Such men had no sympathy with the views propounded by the Spooners, the Inglises, the Newdegates, and the Sibthorps; but on the broad ground of opposition to all grants of public money to religious bodies, they were honorably found voting with them on this occasion.

MR. COBDEN'S MOTION ON INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION, which was submitted on the 17th, has placed beyond question the great progress recently made by the peace principle. The hon. member for the West Riding concluded a speech of great temper, large views, and conclusive reasoning, by moving an 'Address to her Majesty, praying that she will direct the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to enter

into communication with the Government of France, and endeavour to prevent in future that rivalry of warlike preparation in time of peace, which has hitherto been the policy of the two Governments, and to promote, if possible, a mutual reduction of armaments.' He was followed, after a short interval, by Lord Palmerston, in a speech of considerable tact, in which he avowed his adoption of the fundamental principle of the motion, and his earnest solicitude to give it practical effect. No man knows the temper of the Commons House better than his lordship, or can more skilfully avail himself of its prepossessions or its prejudices. His language, in the present case, was repeatedly cheered, and Mr. Cobden did perfectly right in acceding to his lordship's request not to go to a division. We are not credulous enough to anticipate from the Government all we could wish, yet it is wise to give them every fair opportunity. Should they fail, we shall be more certain to carry with us the sympathies of the country, than if no such trial had been allowed. A Peace Congress is to be held in London on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of this month, when, we trust, such an expression of public feeling will occur as will still further aid the progress of this good cause. The former meetings at Paris and Frankfort have done much, and we shall be greatly disappointed if the one about to be held in our own capital, be not marked—if that be possible—by a yet deeper earnestness, and more enlightened zeal. The following is the fundamental principle which every delegate is expected to maintain:—'That an appeal to arms for the purpose of effecting the settlement of differences between nations, is a custom condemned alike by religion, reason, justice, humanity, and the interest of peoples; and that it is, therefore, the duty of the civilized world to adopt measures calculated to bring about the entire abolition of war.'

THE GREAT EXHIBITION continues to be the one special topic of discourse amongst all classes. Go where we may, converse with whomsoever we please, whatever the matter which calls men together, or the topic about which they debate, sooner or later, incidentally or with design, the *Great Exhibition* is sure to come up. Have you seen it? What was the impression received when you first entered the Crystal Palace? Is it not a perfect marvel? Have you examined it from section to section; looked at it in the light of a world's representative; seen in it as a mirror, what man is, and what man can do, amidst circumstances endlessly diversified, and in regions separated from each other by vast oceans and trackless wilds? And then, again, what does it foreshadow; what are the characteristics it discloses, the good or the evil of which it contains the germ? Such are the few—a scanty sample—of the questions which are agitated on every hand. We refer to them only in proof of the universal interest which has been awakened, and have no hesitation in avowing our faith in the beneficial tendency of this great enterprise. It marks an era which will stand out in all coming times, as a thousandfold more memorable and better entitled to admiration than our Blenheims, Trafalgars, or Waterloos. The incompleteness of some parts of the Exhibition has been rapidly disappearing. All nations have conspired to perfect it. The whole civilized globe has done its utmost to embody the conception of its

royal projector, while our sovereign lady the Queen, with a consideration which does her infinite honor, and a confidence which has endeared her to a loyal people, has been seen walking amongst her subjects, the intelligent and deeply-interested observer of the magnificent scene around her. Such a sovereign and such a people—the one so confiding, the other so respectful and so loving—have never met before, and we augur from the intercourse a large and good result. Such events inspire a hope that blessings are in reserve for our nation to which the past affords no parallel.

The receipts of the Exhibition have exceeded the most sanguine anticipations. Up to the 25th inclusive, they were, we believe:—

	£	s.	d.
Received at the door	109,947	6	6
Season Tickets	66,409	7	0
Subscriptions	66,330	12	6
Catalogue-contractors	3,200	0	0
Refreshment	5,500	0	0
Total	£251,387	6	0

On the other hand, the liabilities of the Commissioners, including purchase of the building, amount to about 300,000*l.*; so that no reliance is to be placed on the statements circulated by many of our daily and weekly journalists, to the effect that all expenses, contingent or otherwise, were already provided for.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

On the Culture and Commerce of Cotton in India, and elsewhere; with an account of the experiments made by the H. E. I. Company up to the present time. Appendix Papers, relating to the Great Industrial Exhibition. By J. Forbes Royle, M.D., F.R.S.

Memorial of the Rev. Rowland Hill, M.A. Chiefly consisting of Anecdotes illustrative of his Character and Labours. By James Sherman, Minister of Surrey Chapel.

Medical Combinations against Life Insurance Companies.

Protestant Dissent Vindicated, in reply to certain Animadversions of the Rev. the Vicar of Newcastle, in his recently published 'Thoughts on Church Subjects.' By J. G. Rogers, B.A.

The Coming Conflict. A Letter to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Exeter, occasioned by his recent Pastoral Letter to the Clergy of his Diocese. By a Lay Member of the Church of England.

Popery and Puseyism Illustrated. A Series of Essays, with Addresses and Appeals to the Sunday School Teachers of England. By John Campbell, D.D.

An Exclusive Ministry, Apostolical Succession, and Baptismal Regeneration considered, in Three Letters to a Vicar. By a Parishioner.

Unitarianism: its History, Doctrines, and Tendencies. By Rev. M. G. Easton, A.M.

Christ Glorified, in the Life, Experience, and Character of Joseph B. Shrewsbury, late a Medical Student and Wesleyan Local Preacher, of Bradford, Yorkshire. Written by his Father.

Talvi's History of the Colonization of America. Edited by William Hazlitt, Esq. 2 vols.

The Pictorial Family Bible. With copious Original Notes. By J. Kitto, D.D. Parts V. and VI.

The Pilgrim's Progress. With Forty Illustrations. By David Scott. Parts II.—VIII.

Sermons and Sacramental Addresses. By the late Rev. James Hay, D.D. With a Memoir of the Author. By the Rev. Wm. Mackelvie, D.D.

The Spirituality of the Christian Church. A Sermon preached at the Opening of the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church, at Edinburgh, May 12, 1851. By the Moderator, the Rev. Henry Angus, Aberdeen.

An Essay on Church Reform.

Memoir of William Allen, F.R.S. By James Sherman.

The Doctrines and Practices of Popery Examined. In a Course of Lectures by Ministers, in Glasgow.

Lectures on the Conversion of the Jews. 1. On the Conversion of the Jews; by Rev. J. Henderson, D.D. 2. On the Present Condition of the Jews; by Rev. J. Bennett, D.D. 3. On the Obligation of Christians to Labour for the Conversion of the Jews; by Rev. F. Burder, D.D.

A Lecture on the Glory which will redound to God from the Conversion of the Jews. By Rev. John Harris, D.D.

The Epistle of Paul to the Philippians, and the general Epistle of James, practically and historically explained. By Dr. Augustus Neander. To which is added, a Discourse on the Coming of the Lord, and its Signs. By the same Author. Translated from the German, by Rev. Alexander Napier, M.A.

Biblical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, Colossians, and Thessalonians. By Herman Olshausen, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Erlangen. Translated from the German, by a Clergyman of the Church of England.

Gutta Percha: its discovery, history, and manifold uses.

A Little Book of Songs and Ballads. Gathered from ancient music-books, MSS. and printed. By E. F. Rembauelt, LL.D.

The Christian's Charter. An Exposition of Romans, chap. viii., ver. 32. By Tipton.

Reason and Faith. An Essay. By the Author of the Christian's Charter.

Notes, Explanatory and Practical, of the Acts of the Apostles. Designed for Sabbath-school teachers and bible classes. By Rev. Albert Barnes. Carefully revised by Rev. Samuel Green.

Life and Epistles of St. Paul. Part XIII. By Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A., and Rev. J. S. Howson, M.A.

Manual of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Mind. By Rev. James Carlisle, D.D.

Romanism. Eight Lectures for the Times. Delivered at the English Presbyterian Church, River Terrace, Islington, by Rev. John Weir.

The Italian Volunteers and Lombard Rifle Brigade. Being an Authentic Narrative of the Organization, Adventures, and final Dissolving of these Corps in 1848—9. By Emilio Dandolo.